

PUBLIC LIBRARY  
FEB 26 1918  
D. H. COIT.

# The Nation

VOL. XXII., No. 18.]  
Registered as a Newspaper.

SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 2, 1918.

[Price 6d.  
Postage: U.K. 3d.; Abroad 1d.]

## CONTENTS.

	PAGE		PAGE
EVENTS OF THE WEEK ...	553	The Life of Lord Lister. By G. Bernard Shaw ...	567
POLITICS AND AFFAIRS:—		The Free Churches and the War. By X. ...	567
The Intervention of Labor ...	556	POETRY:—	
The Dove and the Ark ...	557	The Modern Abraham. By	
The War and the Prophets ...	558	" Miles " ...	567
Soviet v. Parliament ...	559	THE WORLD OF BOOKS. By	
PRUSSIANISM IN PARLIAMENT ...	560	H. M. T. ...	570
A LONDON DIARY. By A		REVIEWS:—	
Wayfarer ...	561	Benjamin Franklin ...	572
LIFE AND LETTERS:—		The Real War after War ...	574
By an Unknown Disciple... ..	562	The Muse at Home ...	576
" The Joy of Battle " ...	564	Black Pearls ...	576
LETTERS TO THE EDITOR:—		THE WEEK IN THE CITY. By	
Can Radicalism and Social- ism Unite? By Charles		Lucellum ...	578
Trevelyan ...	566		

[The Editor will be pleased to consider manuscripts if accompanied by stamped and addressed envelopes. He accepts no responsibility, however, for manuscripts submitted to him.]

## Events of the Week.

DIPLOMACY and the speeches of statesmen have their importance still, but it grows clearer every day that the destinies of Europe now depend on the response of the masses to the summons of revolutionary Russia. Trotsky is "calling out" his men, in "shop" after "shop," as it were, much as a skilful trade union leader calls out his men, by sections, in a sympathetic strike. Last week he called up Austria; this week he has called out the Germans, and the astonishing—the almost incredible good news—is that they are answering the call. As in Vienna so in Berlin, the impulse came from below, set afoot by the more or less Bolshevik Left Wing. The division in the party is neatly indicated by what happened in the office of "Vorwärts." The literary staff wrote against the strike, whereupon the printers struck against the staff. The Trade Union leaders, by far the most conservative wing, there as here, of the Labor movement, washed their hands of the strike on the ground that it is "political," and therefore does not concern them. It is said that Socialist delegates are travelling to Berlin from all over the country, that a "Soviet" of strikers' delegates has been formed, which has chosen a "Committee of Action" (otherwise an Executive), including some Socialist Deputies of both sections, Scheidemann no less than Haase. As in Austria, so in Germany, the Moderates have been pushed to the front by the more resolute Left.

As to the extent of the strike, which evidently began at first on quite a small scale against the advice of the leaders, the news from Holland, Switzerland, and Denmark is in agreement. There were by Tuesday from a quarter to half-a-million men out in Berlin, where it increased, as one telegram says, "like a falling avalanche." It has spread to many centres which are tactically all-important to Krupp's, to the Vulcan Works, the arsenals of Dantzig, and to sundry munition and electrical factories as well as to the shipyards

in the provinces. The men's demands are not yet Bolshevik in scope, and comprise a general programme of peace with democracy, rather than a scheme of social revolution—a prompt peace without annexations, the participation of Labor in the negotiations, the abolition of the state of siege and the censorship, democratization of the German Empire, and universal suffrage (including women) for Prussia. The first reaction of the authorities to this threat was stiff and hostile, but Ministers are willing to treat with the Socialist Deputies, though not with the Strike Committee as such. In the long run, one cannot doubt that this strike will transform the whole German situation. Even if it fails now, it may be renewed, and it is bound to force Herr Scheidemann forward, clever opportunist as he is, and also to stiffen the Reichstag majority. But it may also stiffen the Fatherland Party, and even the Government. The Prussian spine does not bend easily. The choice between Peace and Revolution can nowhere be evaded in the end if the war drags on. Here, too, the heather is on fire. Great meetings of engineers and allied workers have been held in Liverpool, on the Mersey, at Coventry, and on the Clyde, rejecting the Man-Power Bill, and demanding either an armistice or the immediate opening of peace negotiations. Mr. Law's answer in the Commons that the Versailles Council had nothing to do even with a re-statement of war-aims is a merely provocative dealing with this excitement.

THE news from the industrial front, which is rapidly superseding both the military and the diplomatic fronts, includes a general strike in Warsaw. It began on January 20th, and the strikers are being subsidized by the Municipal Council, while German soldiers keep the trams, gas-works, and electricity works going. The Polish Socialist Party demands the evacuation of the country by the Germans, and the election of a Constituent Assembly. In plain words, Warsaw is striking against the German occupation, and to enforce Trotsky's terms. He will return to Brest the commander of forces stationed far behind the German lines. On the other hand, he has excited alarms among the Polish upper class, which are driving it to look to Austro-German support against a Polish revolutionary nationalism. The latest and apparently the most complete of the Bolshevik successes in the Russian Borderland is the outbreak of a Socialist Revolution in Finland against the middle-class Government, which had proclaimed independence. The Finnish Red Guards have had the assistance of Russian Red Guards and troops, and seem now to be in control of most of the country. A deputation from the Government has gone to Stockholm to invite the armed aid of Sweden.

THE dividing lines on the Eastern Front have been obliterated since Trotsky went to work. The forces now aligned against each other are no longer the Central Powers and the Entente, but property and Revolution. Diplomacy has not yet grasped this elementary fact. It turns out that the French Foreign Office lately made a loan of £7,000,000 to the Ukrainian Rada and sent military advisers, apparently under the impression that,

since the Ukrainian middle class is Anti-Bolshevik, it must also be Pro-Entente. The fact is painfully otherwise. The Rada has already concluded the preliminaries of a separate peace with the Central Powers, not an idealist Bolshevik peace, but an old-fashioned business peace. We doubt (and have more than once given reasons for our doubt) whether the official belief that the Rumanian Government and the Cossacks are also Pro-Entente is any better founded. The middle-class East of Europe want a business peace; the Russian Socialists want an idealist peace. That is the only difference. Meanwhile, a Bolshevik movement in the Ukraine threatens to upset the Rada. The Bolsheviks, whom our benighted diplomacy still regards as German hirelings, are the only effective barrier against these treacherous separate peaces.

\* \* \*

THE speeches of Counts Hertling and Czernin present a rich and various text for interpretation, but taken together they have brought us nearer to peace. The main fact about them is that both of them took Mr. Wilson's last message point by point as a basis of discussion. Count Czernin welcomed it as "an appreciable approach to the Austro-Hungarian point of view," said that the existing differences were "not so great that a conversation regarding them would not lead to enlightenment and a *rapprochement*." He went on to suggest a further "exchange of ideas," leading up to "a personal conversation" between all the States which are not yet negotiating. This is a plain invitation, apparently, to a preliminary Austro-American discussion to prepare for a general conference. Count Hertling's general conclusion was gruffer and harsher in tone, but he, too, suggested that if the Entente would do a little "re-considering" a basis would be found. The other leading fact is that Count Czernin wholly, and Count Hertling partially, accepts all Mr. Wilson's general propositions—no secret treaties, economic peace, reduction of armaments, freedom of the seas, and a League of Nations.

\* \* \*

THE serious points of difference are thus reduced to the territorial questions, which after all affect only a small minority of the population of the world at war. As to Belgium, Count Hertling repeated that its "forcible annexation" forms no part of Germany's programme, but he declined to discuss it until the enemy accepted as a basis the territorial integrity of Germany and her Allies. In other words, Belgium is a pawn to bargain with. The Chancellor's words, moreover, are not inconsistent with the Tirpitz policy of partial military occupation and separation of Flemings from Walloons. He was, however, far from suggesting anything of the kind, and "Vorwärts" justly calls his speech a masterpiece of ambiguity. As to French territory, he disclaimed any intention of annexing, but this too is a pawn, and the conditions of evacuation will have to be discussed with France. On the subject of Alsace, he does not seem to us to have closed the door completely, for he did not speak the only hopeless word: he did not refuse any discussion. What he said was that Germany will not allow herself to be "robbed" of Alsace-Lorraine, and also will never consent to "the separation" of the Reichsland. This seems to leave open the alternative of a re-drawing of the frontier in return for compensations. Finally, as to the Colonies, Count Hertling hinted at a general reconstruction "of the Colonial possessions of the world," which he seemed to think was also in Mr. Wilson's mind.

\* \* \*

ON Poland and the other Eastern provinces the straightest word came from Count Czernin. He will not take a yard of Russian territory or a farthing of Russian money. The people of Poland shall freely settle their own destiny. On this point Herr von Kühlmann also spoke clearly to the Main Committee of the Reichstag. He expected Poles, Letts, and Lithuanians to set up for themselves independent States, but he relied on "the power of attraction" of Central Europe to bring them thereafter voluntarily into close association with it. As to Italy or Roumania, Count Czernin declined the war

programmes of Austria's former Allies, but even here he did not close the door. He would not make "one-sided concessions" to Italy. This suggests compensations for the Trentino, which he might try and find in an Austrian protectorate over Albania—a solution no worse than the scheme of partition which figures in our secret treaty with Italy—to which we note that Lord Robert Cecil still adheres as a valid undertaking.

\* \* \*

ON the general proposals, Count Czernin made no reservations whatever. Count Hertling, however, demurred to Mr. Wilson's reading of the freedom of the seas. He does not understand what Mr. Wilson means by proposing that the League of Nations may close the seas in order to enforce international covenants. Clearly not. Count Hertling wants to cripple our sea-power, but he will not accept the League as Mistress of the Seas. He further remarked that it is important for the freedom of the seas that claims to fortified bases on shipping routes should be abandoned, and instanced ours at Gibraltar, Malta, Aden, Hong-kong, and the Falklands. This was a dialectical retort to Mr. Lloyd George's demands for Alsace, Posen, Trentino, Transylvania, Syria, Palestine, Arabia, and Mesopotamia. Rather worse was the reiteration of the League of Nations to the last place in the programme of peace, after everything else has been disposed of. That inverts the natural order. We must know, when we begin to treat with Germany, whether we are dealing with a future partner in a League of Peace, or with a future rival in a Balance of Power. What we would concede to the one we shall deny to the other. To sum up our impression of these speeches, we should say that Count Czernin speaks for all Austria and the half of Germany which is ripe for peace. With him an honorable peace will be easy. Count Hertling speaks as a balancing politician, poised between the Reichstag Majority and the Fatherland Party; but he has not raised insuperable barriers against peace. Much as the two Counts ignored Mr. George and answered President Wilson, so it would be wise for us to ignore or interpret Count Hertling and to answer Count Czernin.

\* \* \*

THE tenor of General Smuts's interesting lecture on East Africa on Monday last was helpful to peace, because the man whose great ability is responsible for the occupation of this colony very carefully refrained from demanding its annexation. He made a strong point of the military danger—that Germany may use an African Empire to establish submarine bases, and still more that she may systematically "militarize" the natives. Is that really her object in desiring a Colonial Empire? Surely her prime object is, as General Smuts himself said, to develop the raw materials of the tropics. There has been talk about militarizing the natives everywhere, in Paris as well as in Berlin, and Mr. Churchill's views have not been hidden. But it is premature to say, as General Smuts did, that Germany is bent on this policy, when in point of fact Dr. Solf, the Colonial Secretary, only lately, in an official speech, spoke very strongly against it. Not only did he oppose "the militarization of the natives"; he called for international treaties to prevent it. General Smuts may think that Dr. Solf will be over-ridden, but it is not wise to ignore him.

\* \* \*

APART from trench raids, which have recently been particularly strong and numerous on the Western Front, Italy and Palestine have seen the only fighting. The repeated trench raids might be explained by an intended German offensive, or may merely be the obvious resort of the Army which has lost the advantage of observation. In Italy our Ally carried out on Monday a limited offensive on a four-mile front between Asiago and the Brenta Valley. Assisted by the guns and aeroplanes of the Allies, the Italians broke through the front lines at several points, dispersed the Austrian reinforcements concentrated in the valleys, and secured tactical gains which they were able to hold against vigorous counter-attacks. On Monday evening the Italians had captured 2,600 prisoners, including 100 officers. It is now clear that the Italians made the Col del Rosso and Monte di Val Bella so difficult to hold that the Austrians had to



evacuate them. The net gain is that the positions in the Brenta Valley are considerably strengthened by the brilliant little recovery.

THE Germans have once more carried the air war into this country, while our airmen are nightly carrying it into theirs. On Monday and Tuesday there were determined attempts to reach London. On Monday three groups of raiders attacked London from the Essex side, and some five of the fifteen machines broke through the defences. In a second attack only one machine reached London. About seventy of our machines went up, and one of the Gothas was brought down in flames. The raiders inflicted 216 casualties; forty-seven men, women, and children being killed. The raid on Tuesday night was less serious, and, so far, the deaths of only three people have been notified. The North-eastern and South-western outskirts were reached, but the raiders could penetrate no further, in spite of repeated attempts made with considerable skill. In effect, the London defensive area forms a sort of island, and the raiders frequently fly round it before selecting their point of approach. Thus, one of the raiders on Tuesday, approaching from the East, flew round the North and West before attempting to penetrate the defences on the South-west. The South-western suburbs received the bombs from this machine. On the whole, the anti-aircraft defences have shown up reasonably well, though with seventy aeroplanes up and a skilful barrage we might expect to bring down more than one machine out of fifteen.

THE debate upon the reports of the Committee on National Expenditure was a lamentable exhibition of futility. The waste of money and the causes of the waste were admitted on every side. But nobody had any serious hope of any check or remedy. The House of Commons, the proper guardian of the public purse, was quite acquiescent in its impotence. The Report of the Committee urged that the Treasury should exercise "a more certain financial supervision over the departments," and in particular that it should "hold a series of inquiries into the numbers and organization of the great clerical staffs" of the departments. There is no evidence that any such supervision is taking place. Indeed, so long as the departments are free to spend first, and to present their accounts afterwards, there can be no effective supervision. Mr. Samuel showed how dangerous it was that the Executive should have uncontrolled access to the public purse. But does anyone believe that the "fuller financial statement" the Government proposes to make upon future Votes of Credit will afford any valid data? Mr. Samuel expressly named the Ministry of Munitions for "laxity of control in fixing the terms of contracts" and for "injurious competition between various departments—which had resulted in their staffs being swollen beyond reasonable bounds." The sins are flagrant, but there is neither repentance nor reformation. What is the use of appealing to the House "to take its full responsibility," and to the Chancellor of the Exchequer "to resist the tendency to add to the public burdens"? The expenditure of money, like every other war-price, has got out of all control and is "rushing free."

MR. BONAR LAW's rather pathetic speech was in substance an admission that this was so. Setting out the vicious circle between rising wages and rising prices and consequent increase of expenditure, he treated it as something inevitable. But then he had the effrontery to urge that the Treasury was in no way responsible for the inflation which has been the chief cause of the rise both of prices and wages. They had "certainly done their best to prevent it." How? By swelling the currency by the issue of uncovered Treasury Notes? By placing at the disposal of the spending departments vast streams of loan-credit, not derived from the savings of the nation, but fabricated by the banks, with the connivance and at the express instigation of the Treasury? These modes of inflation, devised as an alternative to adequate taxation, are still continuing to force up prices both of materials and labor, and so to

increase expenditure. Reckless and foolish human will is behind this vicious expenditure. It is not inevitable. It is the bad finance of Mr. Law and the Treasury.

MR. BONAR LAW did not improve his case by an attempt to hedge upon his "blessing" of the levy upon capital given to the Labor Delegation. He now says the subject is an "academic" one, though he still keeps "an open mind." Mr. Asquith brings the same sort of mind to bear upon it. He doesn't rule out the principle, but finds practical difficulties at present "insurmountable." This appears to us a dangerous playing with a subject which is bound to come to the fore as the only honest alternative to that injurious policy of repudiation which may easily pass from Russia into our working-class politics. Mr. Law, in his erratic handling, used one serviceable phrase when he spoke of a capital levy as "something of the nature of the commutation of income tax." Opponents of the proposal have got to face the alternative process of at least a 10s. income tax on unearned income. For, as Colonel G. Collins pointed out, if the war were to end next summer, the interest and sinking fund for the Debt, together with payments for pensions, would absorb our public income on the present basis. Those who scoff at the analogy between life and wealth as subjects for conscription, have neither justice nor logic on their side. For it is true that, while young men have given their lives, old men and stay-at-home younger men in large numbers have made great monetary gains out of the war, and have then increased these gains by loaning them (not giving them) at high interest to the Government.

SOME weeks ago we commented upon a singular libel action brought against Mr. Heinemann, the publisher, in regard to the new edition of an old novel by Mr. George Moore, entitled "Lewis Seymour and Some Women." It will be recalled that the plaintiff, who only assumed the name of Seymour seven years ago, professed to recognize himself in the pages of a story which was first published when he was about four years old. The verdict, in favor of the defendant, Mr. Heinemann, of course carried costs, but as often happens in frivolous actions of the kind, there are at present no costs obtainable from the plaintiff. The law affords no protection from this sort of litigation, which has become far too common, and the issue involved is a very important one. With an unintelligent jury, a great injustice might have been done and a precedent established that would have involved all publishers and writers of fiction. Anyone who called his novel "Tom Smith" might, along with the publisher, be sued by all the Tom Smiths in England. Mr. Justice Darling pointed out that a reprint of Fielding's "Tom Jones" could have formed the basis of a similar action if the jury thought "Mr. Seymour" made out his case. Among certain readers of THE NATION a feeling has been expressed that some of the legal expenses might not unftly be met by authors, publishers, and friends; their interests having been as much at stake as those of Mr. Heinemann and Mr. Moore, who have vindicated not only themselves, but the rights of literature and publishing, at considerable loss to their own pocket. We have much pleasure in opening a subscription list. Cheques should be sent addressed to the Manager of THE NATION. The following amounts have already been received:—

	£	s.	d.
William Collins, Sons & Co. Ltd., 48, Pall Mall, S.W. 1	...	...	...
Robert Ross	...	...	...

A SENTENCE appeared in our issue of January 19th, which might have suggested that Messrs. Reuter had offered to the German public a summary of Mr. Lloyd George's speech, putting a complexion on its meaning different from the author's intention. We are assured by Messrs. Reuter that no such change or simplification of the Prime Minister's speech was made, and considering the high character of the Agency, we entirely accept this assurance, and are glad to withdraw the suggestion.

## Politics and Affairs.

### THE INTERVENTION OF LABOR.

THE last few days have witnessed a double intervention of British Labor in the war. The first springs from the resolve of the entire body of the organized workers to press their policy on the Government and on Europe; the second affirms the intention of the advanced section at once to withhold its work if that policy is refused. Now we think that in placing the second design before the first, the work-people of the Clyde and elsewhere are putting the cart before the horse. They have been badly and tactlessly handled. Sir Auckland Geddes may be a good organizer; but in politics he gives us the impression of a presumptuous novice, who understands neither its principles nor its most useful arts. It is idle to ignore the fact that the Government have gone back on their pledge to Labor, and that they are now pressing for the enrolment of skilled workers, when they promised to resort first to the younger "dilutees." The original pledge, to whose absolutely binding character Mr. Henderson, who signed it, now gives conclusive testimony, was wise in itself, for it is obvious that the skilled engineer is a more valuable asset in the workshop than in the field, while the dilutees of military age are interchangeable between the two spheres of duty. In any case, a man who of his own motion "revises" his share of a contract without the consent of the other party, and then covers his retreat by abusing it, merely invites the trouble he is bound to get. The bargain was largely made with the A.S.E., that is to say, with one of the greatest of trade unions, whose free will is essential to the maintenance of our war industries. If the Amalgamated Society of Engineers desire a separate conference, it is within their clear right, for any agreement arrived at without their assent is not worth the paper it is written on. Therefore, the engineers, who hold the key of the situation, will not relinquish it to a demand impolitic in itself, and advanced in a manner repugnant to good sense and fair play. But when they retort with a call for an immediate armistice at the front, they ignore the only condition under which two great forces under arms can usefully consent to a suspension of them. It is not enough to want peace; there must also be an agreement as to its principles and a common determination to achieve them. We have not quite arrived at this stage. Labor, in each country, knows its own mind; but Labor, as a whole, has been shut out from the exchange of views from which it could proceed to a joint, and therefore an irresistible presentment of its terms of peace. Meanwhile, Governmental opinion, pulled hither and thither, is in a state of flux and of permeation, and the resolving and clarifying influence, which is the ultimate power of Labor to put an end to the war, has hardly had the time to make its full weight felt. Labor, therefore, must win its moral and intellectual victory first. The triumph is coming; it is all but achieved. But we have still to report the victory of German Labor over German Imperialism. That event the action of our Labor Party can accelerate as greatly as that of our Government can postpone it. The responsibility is divided. If the Government again obstruct the *entente* of Labor, Labor in its turn may be driven to some form of direct intervention. It will destroy Mr. George and his Government, which will richly deserve their fate, and then take control of the situation. But if the Governments concede Labor a free voice, its

own *entente* must clearly precede an understanding of the Governments.

Now this *entente* is on the point of conclusion. We may dispute over the precise meaning of the Hertling-Czernin deliverances, on the parts assumed and designed by the collaborators; on the sincerity or the fairness of their aims; on the power of the German Chancellor to hold back the pan-Germans; and on the effective strength of the final will to peace possessed by German Socialism. But European Labor has at least reached its moral agreement. It alone, among the governing forces of the world, *says the same thing*. Thus, "Vorwaerts" summarizes the demands of the Berlin strikers as embracing: (1) an "accelerated conclusion" of a general peace without annexations or indemnities; (2) the participation of Labor in the peace *pourparlers*; (3) the amelioration of the food situation by better distribution; (4) the restoration of the right of free public meeting; (5) the abolition of the militarization of the war factories; (6) the release of the political prisoners; (7) a fundamental measure of democratization; (8) an equal electoral suffrage. But this voice of Berlin is also the voice of Nottingham, and almost the voice of Socialist Paris, and so is its "crystallization" in the German strikers' call for "peace, liberty, and bread." "Peace, liberty, and bread" happen to be the three things that the world wants, and that it does not propose to go without. What stands in the way? The policy of Imperialism. Is it insuperable? No. Nominally, we adhere to the treaties which partition Turkey, giving us Mesopotamia and a couple of Syrian ports, France Syria and a great cut out of Anatolia, and Italy a new dominion in the Adriatic and the Mediterranean. But these things are dead words in dead documents, recording promises that we have not got the power to keep. The one living thing is the promise of a new international order, based on the common creed of all the peoples that all war is a monstrous blunder. This common aspiration is badly understood in official Germany, which still thinks in the old terms of power, and though it hints at a mutual cancelling of annexations, hankers after a new balance of Western and Eastern Europe, greatly to its own advantage. But Mr. Wilson, who is the final arbiter of the war, understands it well; Count Czernin, who can take Austria out of the war, does not misconceive its general purpose; and to much more than half the men and women in Europe, who can stop the war to-morrow if they will and act together, it is coming to be the one hope they live for. "Power" to European Labor is horrible death, food queues, bereavement, disease, suspense, bombs, separation, the gradual extraction of nearly every drop of sweetness from its simple cup. If Church and State were not so universally in the hands of unimaginative and conscienceless men, the emergence of the primitive needs of humanity, no less than of the more hidden but profound yearning for the restoration of the broken moral order, would long ago have been perceived and encouraged. Now that the process has begun without and in spite of them, it will go on until no other force or disposition of men's minds, and none of the engagements and complications of diplomacy, can stand up against it, any more than they stood up in revolutionary Russia. The passion for war is spent; the passion for peace will soon be at the full tide of its strength.

For this culminating point of its influence Labor will now have to prepare. Power is coming to it. In alliance with Liberalism, or without it, it will have to settle this war. Three preliminary understandings are necessary to this assumption of power, as the Nottingham resolution wisely



suggests. Each National Labor section must agree with itself; the Allied sections must agree with each other and with their neutral friends; the joint Allied forces must then seek agreement with Austro-German Socialism. We have reached the stage when these several strands of the *entente* of Labor are all but complete. Labor is a very little way from a united interpretation of the five or six governing formulae of the peace—no annexations, no merely punitive indemnities (as distinct from reparation funds), "self-determination," the League of Nations, the freedom of the seas, disarmament, no black militarism. The difficulty will be to apply them to the two or three concrete cases which are still open. A method of providing for the distinctly oppressed and backward nationalities of Turkey under a plan of full guaranteed autonomy by all the Powers is not a real obstacle. The contentment of irredentist Italy and of the severed French provinces is. This no forcible "dis-annexation" will ever achieve. It is the business of statesmanship. Austria all but solved the first before the war, and if the Emperor Karl and Count Czernin are the men we take them to be, they will try again. Germany, through Count Hertling, *may* this week have made a slight advance to a French peace. The Germany of Scheidemann and Bernstein should make a further one; and with that first act of magnanimous and far-sighted dealing the Peace of the World may begin.

#### THE DOVE AND THE ARK.

WHAT is the central question round which the political struggle has lately revolved in high places in Germany? It has been, and still is, whether the final decision should be made to "close down" in the East, and to decide the issue by force of arms in the West. This is the policy of the "military party." Opposed to this is the policy of von Kühlmann, whose aim is to achieve an interim solution in the East and to bring about negotiations for a general peace with the Western Powers, in which the occupied territories in the East can be used as pawns. On the basis of these facts we have to judge the meaning of the German Chancellor's speech.

The speech, considered in isolation, is obviously the result of a compromise. It is the desperate and embarrassed effort of a man who tries to leave the door open in the West, while adopting a tone bellicose enough to satisfy the Military Party and the Jingoës. The Chancellor is trying to mark time. He says nothing which could bind him. His replies to the concrete points of President Wilson's programme are so framed and so hedged about with reservations and ambiguous saving clauses that, whether Germany's policy turned to peace or war with the West in the near future, he would be able, with equal justice, to claim that the policy was proclaimed in his speech. Therefore, it marks no advance and brings forward nothing new. It is an attempt to hold back the tide of events, and to postpone a final decision until Hertling and Kühlmann have seen the result of Czernin's appeal to President Wilson.

It would be the merest folly to suppose that there is any real divergence between the policy of Czernin and that of the civil authorities of Germany. Apart from what we know of the views of Hertling and Kühlmann, views which have to face not only a powerful and extremely wealthy agitation in public, but also the stubborn opposition which in Germany the military have always shown to statesmanship, the speeches of Hertling and Czernin are plainly the outcome of concerted action. Czernin does openly what Hertling could not do without dividing Germany finally and for all. The German Chancellor accordingly balances himself unsteadily between the peace and the war parties in order that he may gain a breathing space in which he may see what is the response to Czernin's offer. If Czernin were to obtain some positive result from his offer to discuss peace with America on the basis of President Wilson's programme, then Hertling could come down decidedly on the side of

Czernin and a peace by understanding in the West. What he dares not risk, with the present distribution of political forces in Germany, is anything that would look like an offer to the Western Powers, which might be refused by them. Czernin is the dove sent out of the ark. If he returns with an olive branch, then the patriarch will declare that all his reservations and saving clauses meant nothing.

Therefore, it is permissible to put the most pacific interpretation on Hertling's speech, because, in point of fact, he agrees to the Czernin basis, if the Czernin basis is successful. Austria makes the running, as Austria has made it consistently ever since the Emperor Carl ascended the throne. Austria makes the running not because Berlin wants her to do so, but because she has to; but the civil authorities of Berlin are glad that they are able to do by proxy what they are not able to do alone. It is silly to speak of this as a peace trick or a peace plot as our Jingoës are fond of doing, though, for the most part, they ought to, and do, know better. It is even sillier to imagine that there is such a divergence between the desires of Vienna and Berlin as to make it possible for us to contemplate a separate peace with Austria-Hungary as a serious possibility. Hertling's terms are a Jingo edition of Czernin's; if Czernin's effort meets with success, Berlin will then admit that they are, in point of fact, identical. If Czernin's speech meets with a rebuff, then the strong interpretation will be put upon Hertling's.

Concretely, the main point of the Chancellor's speech is that Germany is resolved to renounce nothing in advance, and to use all the territories she holds in military occupation as pawns for bargaining. The basis on which she is prepared to negotiate is that of a reciprocal guarantee of territorial integrity. Until this is admitted on the side of the Entente, she will make no binding declaration as to Belgium. If this is granted, then she is prepared for rearrangements and reciprocal concessions. The meaning which Hertling's language with regard to Alsace-Lorraine is probably intended to bear is that a cession of the purely French-speaking parts of Alsace-Lorraine might be considered, in return for a *quid pro quo* from the Entente. What this *quid pro quo* might be is suggested in the phrase concerning Colonial reconstitution. The policy is Solf's, and the demand is for a territory in Africa in some degree commensurate with Germany's importance as a people and a Power. Against the fact that Hertling declares that the settlement in the East is a matter for the Central Powers and Russia alone (which is meant to satisfy the Right) must be set Czernin's appeal to America, which openly involves the Eastern in the general settlement. So far as Turkey is concerned, Hertling's language is meant to imply that he will support her in doing the best she can for herself. Against Mr. George's assertion that Mesopotamia and the rest will never return to Turkish sovereignty, the demand is made for the recognition of the integrity of Turkish territory, but the "desire not to forestall the decisions of the Turkish statesmen" shows that this recognition is, in the circumstances, to be mainly platonic. Germany will come to an arrangement with the Western Powers on the familiar plan of spheres of influence and a nominal Turkish sovereignty. In short, the peace which is contemplated is a diplomatic deal on the basis of the *status quo ante*.

In a very real sense the immediate development of the situation does not primarily or directly rest with us. The Entente has not adopted President Wilson's peace programme, and, to judge by the broad hints dropped by the "Times" in connection with Signor Orlando's visit, and the interpretation openly put upon Mr. George's "reconsideration" by M. Pichon in Paris, is still a long way from doing so. Therefore the question of responding to Czernin's offer, which is directly addressed to the President of the United States, is for him to decide. Moreover, much depends on the progress of the negotiations of the Central Powers with the Ukraine, and the position of the Bolsheviks. As long as the Bolshevik Government maintains its power, it is improbable that the Central Powers will be able to conclude what even in less catastrophic times would be called a decent peace with it. To make the class-war a basis of a peace treaty

is a conception verging on the fantastic, and it is quite conceivable that the greater part of the populations of the occupied territories will themselves prefer German order to a vacuum varied by anarchy. If the Ukraine Rada maintains itself, it will not only make peace with the Central Powers as quickly as it can—it has already shown an almost indecent haste in the matter—but it may very likely invoke the aid of an Austrian Army to help it against the Bolsheviks in Kharkoff and Poltava. That is to say, if peace is made between the Central Powers and the Ukraine, it will lead to relations so close that, if there is any great superfluity of foodstuffs in the Ukraine, the Central Powers are bound to get them. The Austrian tension would be relieved, and the resulting pressure on Berlin would also be relaxed.

Still, even though it may thus be that the weightiest decisions will be taken in places in which we have no direct influence, Hertling's speech offers a heaven-sent opportunity for the only diplomacy which at the present time has any pretension to be considered statesmanship—the diplomacy of the peace offensive. Politically, Germany is in a critical position. The strain of the suspense of the Russian negotiations, and the exacerbation produced by the unbridled agitation of the Fatherland Party, and the scarcely-concealed intention of the Majority of the Prussian Diet to wreck the franchise reform have done their work. No one is really satisfied, or likely to be satisfied, with Hertling's desperate effort to maintain the appearance of a united front. The only way by which the front can be to any extent reunited is by the careless dismissal by England of Hertling's speech as a pan-German outburst. So far from being that, it is rather a strained effort to keep the door open in the West against all the feverish efforts of the annexationists to bolt and bar it. An English statesman, therefore, must read the intention of Hertling's speech in Czernin's, and, having read that intention, must reply to the text of Hertling's. He must point out, reasonably and exactly, all the ambiguities and indefinite reserves, and the discrepancies between Hertling and Czernin. He must insist that as matter of obvious fact the case of Belgium is different, and cannot under any circumstances be placed on the same footing as that of the other occupied territories. He must take Hertling's reply to President Wilson on the fourteen cardinal points, as Hertling himself did, point by point, and show that in all the crucial matters it is capable of opposite interpretations; he must say that he assumes that Hertling meant the reasonable one, and insist that his supposition should be absolutely confirmed before it can be expected of the Entente that they should guarantee the integrity of Germany's territory and that of her allies. Thus he will do what the Left and Right parties have, so far in vain, tried to do, namely, compel the Government to declare its true colors. By this means and no other the German Government will be forced from its indeterminate position either to the right or to the left. If it goes to the right, then it may be left to settle the matter with its own Socialists and with Austria. But it dare not go to the right. The alliance itself would snap now. If it goes to the left, then Prussian militarism, which is now fighting its supreme battle, will in very truth have been destroyed, and the weary world may turn at last to the works of peace.

#### THE WAR AND THE PROPHETS.

THE recent attacks on the Army Command have succeeded all too well. They were designed as a preliminary bombardment to rase the defences of certain generals who might then fall an easy prey to the Government offensive. But they were aimed wildly, with vigor rather than skill; and they have succeeded in undermining the peoples' confidence, not only in the particular generals who were marked down for attack, but in all generals, in the soldier mind, in the French commanders who approved the plan of action criticized, and even the unified command which also sanctioned it. They have not proved enough for their purpose; but they have proved too much for the people's confidence. Mr. Lovat

Fraser, who acted as commander-in-chief, ended his last unlimited offensive with a quotation from Lord Kitchener, to the effect that hardly five men in the world could control more than a quarter of a million troops. He clinched it with the reflection that what he is asking for is "more brains"; but his argument means that he is asking for more brains than anyone possesses. It is an interesting point of view; but is this precisely what he intended to convey?

Two chief lines have been followed by the critics. The strategy and tactics of the campaign have been assailed with the greatest vehemence, and the Army organization was involved later, though this may have been merely as a piece of skilful camouflage. The New Army officers have been promoted from the beginning. Many were colonels before they saw any fighting, and many regular officers, with wide experience and the Staff College behind them, were left well in the rear. And, of course, if Sir William Robertson went it would not be a New Army officer who would succeed. Everyone knows his successor designate, and the *personnel* of the present Paris Conferences tells the tale. But the suggestion that the officers of the New Army are being neglected was a useful weapon to use against the Staff, and it was the more necessary to fall back upon it as the strategical attack became involved in mutually exclusive propositions that simply produced confusion. Moreover, the counter-attack which laid all the faults at the feet of the statesmen had so sound a *prima facie* case that some were disposed to accept the corollary and demand more men, damn the diversions, and plump for undiluted Westernism. To thread one's way through these movements and counter movements is to enter the atmosphere of a nightmare. Everywhere there are specifics which will meet the case, though they agree in nothing except their common repudiation of the present *régime*. Some prophets look forward, with a complete lack of imagination, to two years' more war, and they would start in the East to work round slowly to Berlin. "Why attack in the strongest point?" they say. It does not seem to occur to them that the Germans are strongest where they wish to be strongest, and that if there were any chance of our approaching a position which they deemed critical we should find lines hardening to the same immobility. The terms "strong" and "weak" in actual fact mean "critical" and "subsidiary," and it would be the wildest folly to stake our main strength on a subsidiary campaign unless it not only promised to produce a critical situation for the enemy, but could also be conducted with a slighter call upon our total force, in which term is included the vital factor of transport.

"Why wage the Ypres campaign with depleted divisions?" we are asked. "Why wage an Eastern offensive with depleted ships?" we reply. Let us suppose we had used the troops, actually engaged in Flanders, in Italy or the East. At a modest estimate we should have used double the transport, and therefore be upon half the present rations, or have utterly precluded the idea of any reinforcement from America. "Why strike at Cambrai if we were desperately short of men?" the critics continue. Surely the very question is the amplest justification of our reverse, and the probable explanation of the Government reserve. And it ignores the fact that at a critical moment for Italy, a blow was delivered which detained on the Western Front troops which would otherwise have been used for the final blow before the winter snows fell. It is true that we paid for it; but unity of command, in which these critics believe, involves such sacrifices. We are told that the campaign of last year was "mostly unproductive." So also are all movements in a long-drawn-out struggle, in which the earlier ideas of "victory" have become obsolete. Colonel Repington is chided with the remark, "Consider the effect on France and the United States of saying that we have 4,000,000 men of military age." But the very critic who uses this last resort of futility states that "the country has been very nearly bled white." Something might be said about the effect of this upon the enemy.

If we must criticize we must keep to the facts of the



case. We have the authority of Clausewitz, and the experience of a hundred battles proves, that strategy is relatively of smaller importance than tactics. Battles are won by fighting, not indeed by the mere smashing away with the rude force of a rhinoceros, but by the resolute blows of men who act with an intelligent conception of the situation from moment to moment. A battle on paper is a thing of almost mathematical order and precision; but when battle is joined there is at once a chaos, out of which anything may emerge. When it is rehearsed it is a sort of purposeful parade. But in the event it is far otherwise. The ground is pitted and cut with shell-holes, the air torn by hideous noises, and perhaps filled with the stench of horrible gas; shells are bursting in front, behind, on every side. Rain falls, and the advance may take on the character of a landing-party or become a sort of nightmare in which the troops advance two steps and fall back one. All is given over to the incalculable. Although, on the average expenditure, an incredible amount of shell is spent to kill one man, the occasion may see almost every man fall to as many machine-gun bullets. In this orgy of madness, the only dependable thing is the divine quality in man which can dominate the situation. It is solely by the cool and purposeful action of the actual fighters that the battle is decided, and it is in this connection that we see another side to the question of promoting men to high command. In actual battle the divisional, corps, and army commanders might almost as well be in London, and probably even the brigadiers, too. It is the company and battalion commanders who have the fate of the engagement in their hands. The Battle of the Ancre was won by one man, a battalion commander, a soldier of the New Army. He was made a brigadier, and is perhaps a corps commander now. If it is victory we want and not promotion for our friends, we should see that the best men are left in the command of the actual fighting, and not removed, when they have shown their tactical ability, to positions where they will have no influence upon tactics.

We hold no brief for the Army command; but we have reached the last stage of the war. Many observers think the Germans are about to begin a great offensive on the Western Front. To the German command it may seem to be the only thing to do, the last card they can play. But though the Germans have considerable numbers, it is almost unthinkable that they have the *moral*, at this point, to carry out a sustained offensive. Civilian opinion in the Central Empires would hardly support so obvious a gamble. But if they intend to strike in force on the West, as the critics of the strategy and command believe, is this the moment to weaken the front which unquestionably is critical for us? And is this the moment to try experiments in the command? Sir Douglas Haig and Sir William Robertson have at least more experience than any generals who could be substituted for them, and if it is a question of holding on against an overwhelming onslaught, this is the last moment to weaken the peoples and the soldiers' confidence in the officers, who will have to bear the strain and to ask immediate obedience in critical moments.

#### SOVIET v. PARLIAMENT.

THE Bolshevik Government has duly inaugurated its Convention of Workmen's, Soldiers', and Peasants' Councils, and for the moment "the dictatorship of the proletariat" reigns through its instrumentality. It is no easy task to visualize the Russia over which it rules. The country is split into parties which, in spite of their common Socialist creed, pursue each other with invectives and calumny, and the news which reaches us reflects their violence. There is no doubt about the chaos and the misery, but that is only half the picture. Through it all there runs an ardent hope, a conscious theoretical purpose, and an unflinching will, which make the suffering endurable for the dominant party. Petrograd is living on a daily ration of a quarter-of-a-pound of indigestible bread: there is no meat but horseflesh, and in

the coldest and darkest month of its northern winter it is facing an entire absence of fuel and artificial light. The prospect of an honorable peace, or of any peace at all with the Central Powers, is doubtful. Civil war on, no apparent plan, and with no evident probability of an early close, continues in the South. Of the men who wielded influence and power three months ago, some are in prison, more are in hiding, and a few are at the Cossack Headquarters. The whole of the educated world is under a cloud—partly "on strike," partly "out of work," partly ignored and boycotted. The Law Courts were closed by one stroke of the pen, and the Civil Service cleared of its trained employees. Most of the newspapers are closed down. Even doctors seem to be scarce. In the country the big estates are divided up, and the landowners are living somehow as quasi-refugees in the towns. Trade and manufacture in the ordinary senses of the word seem to have ceased, and in their place people discover hoards of goods hidden by speculators, or make their profit by selling second-hand clothes and boots. Worst of all, typhus, the dread scourge of war and revolution, has happened, which our fathers, when it was known in England, used to call "gaol-fever" or "famine-fever." It is not an exhilarating picture, and yet the men who rule Russia show neither apathy, nor caution, nor poverty of spirit. They still pursue the maximum on four ounces of bad bread. They might have had peace weeks ago if they had been ready for peace at any price. They might have had bread and to spare, if they would have come to terms with the Cossacks and the Ukraine. They are facing their miseries and privations, unflinching and unbending, with one single purpose—to make in Russia a complete social revolution, and to spread it beyond her borders.

Western Socialism is a democratic doctrine, and the name Social Democracy is its chosen flag. Even to Socialists, and perhaps most of all to Socialists, the Bolshevik dispersion of the Constituent Assembly is unintelligible. Here was a Parliament, freshly elected, by universal suffrage, under an exact system of proportional representation; what conceivable excuse can there be for silencing the voice of the people? The strangeness of the deed is the more baffling when one reckons with the fact that the Assembly was almost unanimously Socialist. Among its known 400 members, there were only thirteen Liberal "Cadets," while the Conservatives, from the Octobrists to the "Black Hundreds," had totally disappeared. Could such a body have done anything else than reconstruct Russia on a Socialist basis? Its first and last act was in fact to pass M. Tchernoff's Bill, which destroys all property in land, and expropriates the landlords (allowing only a minimum holding to all) without compensation. If this is not unflinching, uncompromising Socialism, what is? The cynic is inclined to say that MM. Lenin and Trotsky destroyed the Assembly for one perfectly simple reason. It did not give them a majority. That doubtless was their reason, but it is capable of statement in terms which need not imply the cruder sort of personal ambition. The Assembly would have worked for a kind of peace, and set up a kind of Socialism. It would not have subordinated the pursuit of peace to world-wide revolution, however, as Trotsky does. Nor would it have made in Russia "the dictatorship of the proletariat." It would have introduced Socialism by big but still gradual stages, and the whole process would have been conducted by the "intelligentsia" without a violent class war, and without a catastrophic breach with the past. The Fabian Society and "Jim" Larkin are both Socialists, but the world, as Mr. Webb would make it if he were dictator, differs vastly from the world which Mr. Larkin would construct—if construction be the name for his process. Lenin is by no means a Larkin. He is, on the contrary, the type of the "well-born," well-educated, scientific Russian "intellectual." Both he and Trotsky learned their Socialism at college. But they are almost alone in their party. There is a working-class party, while the rival Socialist groups are officered in every grade by "intellectuals."

It is not the first time that the theory of representative democracy, as we understand it, has had to face a

mass movement hostile to its theories, and contemptuous of its pretensions. The Jacobin Clubs are the leading instance, but even they did not usurp legislative functions. They first inspired these, terrorized, and finally "purged" the Convention. The London "Corresponding Society," with its plan of a Convention, stood for a similar idea—with this difference, that if Pitt had not quashed it, it would have had to deal with a wholly unrepresentative Parliament. The Young Turk Committee is essentially a Jacobin Club. In spite of some superficial likeness, the Russian Soviet differs totally from these models. It is not, as they were, a party organization. It is a class organization, and it is really representative—of its class. No one, we suppose, could contest that it reflects the will of the town-workers, the soldiers, and of some part (we do not know how large a part) of the peasantry in Central Russia. The Assembly represents all these, and, in addition, all the women of Russia, all the "peasants," including those in the South who are really fairly large farmers, the small tradesmen, and the educated class. The real difference may lie, however, less in the constituency than in the representative. When they vote by factories, the workers do not seem to elect the same persons who get chosen when party lists are submitted to the whole body of electors.

We begin to suspect that the essential difference between "sovereign democracy" and "proletarian dictatorship" is at bottom economic. The presence of women in one electorate, and their absence in the other, and still more the difference in the representatives chosen, suggests to us that we have here, in a novel form, the familiar clash of interest between producers and consumers. The middle class is in Russia so small, and its influence relatively so slight, that even a Bolshevik could not have damned the Assembly simply because a fractional part of the votes which elected it are those of propertied persons. The working class (including, of course, the peasants) is numerous enough to elect every member of the Assembly, and clearly it is so "class-conscious" that it did effectively elect all but the Cadet thirteen. The only substantial difference which we can see, and it may be a vital difference, is that the workers when they meet in their factory to choose a delegate for the Soviet are thinking of themselves and their interests as producers. They feel that it is they who create the country's wealth, and they mean to control it directly. Imagine that the Labor Party were to carry almost every seat in the next Parliament, and then conceive a *coup d'état* by a Convention of Shop Stewards. There is more here than the familiar idea of a class-struggle. There is rather the transition from social democracy to Syndicalism. It is the representative organ of the producers which claims to govern, and advances its claim in a form which really means that only the industrial or agrarian producer has civic rights. Lenin's decree which handed over the factories to the absolute control of the workmen in each, is, once more, rather Syndicalism than Socialism. The phenomenon deserves much closer study than can be given it with the scanty material available. The correspondents tell us everything but this. For a century theorists have speculated about a social revolution. From William Morris to Anatole France and Mr. Wells, Socialist dreamers have tried to picture it. At last it has happened, and no one on the spot really describes it. We are curious, because we suspect that in this conflict of Soviet and Parliament, of consumer and producer, there is a problem which is universal and inevitable. It may not present itself elsewhere in a revolutionary form, but it is latent everywhere. The Guild Socialist, who says that there ought, in a well-regulated society, to be two elected Chambers, a Soviet and a Parliament, a House of Producers and a House of Consumers, may have the clue to this Russian struggle.

For our part, while we are ready to pay homage to the will-power and the superb audacity of the Bolsheviks, we are sceptical of their ability to construct anything permanent. They owe their present success mainly to the mistakes of the rival Socialist Parties. They compromised too much with the Cadets, who turn out to be a negligible factor in public opinion. They allowed the Cadets to dictate the disastrous postponement of the

Constituent Assembly. If it had met in September, or even in October, and at once proclaimed the Republic and socialized the land, there need have been no second revolution, no secession of the non-Russian provinces, and no suppression of liberty. If the Cadets and the complacency of Kerensky towards the Cadets are partly to blame, the refusal of the Allies to revise war-aims must bear the rest of the burden. The masses wanted peace, bread, and land, and in the end the Bolsheviks broke down the barriers—or seemed to do so. Land they have already given, and they have done it by applying Tchernoff's own scheme. That gift, we believe, will be final, whatever may happen. The will of nine Russians in ten is behind it. The danger is that when the idealist violence of the Bolsheviks is exhausted, it may be the more disciplined but frankly materialistic violence of a Kaledin or a Korniloff which will replace it. That is the penalty for destroying representative government.

#### PRUSSIANISM IN PARLIAMENT.

ON Monday last a Bill bearing the innocent title of the National Registration (Amendment) Act passed the House of Commons after having been attacked with great persistence by a small group of members. These made some progress even in the House, for whilst their supporters only numbered twelve in the first division taken upon the Bill, they increased to nearly fifty in the final division on the Report stage. The increase was due to a wider knowledge of the provisions of the Bill.

No more amazing proposals have ever been presented to the House of Commons in modern times. The new Act, which at the moment of writing has just passed the House of Commons, among other things, sets out to register all persons on attaining the age of fifteen. It affects immediately more than one million boys, and, by an Order in Council, it may at any moment affect an equal number of girls between the ages of fifteen and seventeen and a-half. The Bill, as introduced, sought to obtain this registration by the following methods:—

1. No official census is taken, but every person on reaching the age of fifteen has to obtain a registration form, fill it up, and return it.
2. If he fails to do this within a few days of reaching the age of fifteen, even if he be a school-child ignorant of the Act, he is liable to a heavy fine, with the usual consequences in case of non-payment.
3. Every policeman, without special authority, is given authority to accost any person, *including girls and women*, between the ages of fifteen and sixty-five, at any time of the day or night, and in any place, and demand the registration certificate or a full account of the individual accosted.
4. Every person between the ages of fifteen and sixty-five, whether registered under the old Act or the new, is to return any change of occupation or profession, and heavy penalties are provided for failure to do so.
5. All sailors and soldiers discharged by reason of wounds or sickness or from any other cause, are required to register within a few days of reaching England, and are liable to heavy penalties (£5 and £1 per day while the offence lasts) for failure to do so.
6. These wounded soldiers and sailors are placed under the supervision of the police as described above. A large number of other most offensive provisions in the new Bill are omitted for lack of space to set them forth.

Such was the outline of the Bill as introduced to the House of Commons by Mr. Hayes Fisher. At the beginning of the Committee Stage he treated the opponents of the Bill with flippant insolence, and began by resisting any change. He was forced to retreat from the attitude, and to attempt some elementary arguments for the new Prussianism. Finally, he was compelled to accept some amendments, and when the Bill passed the Commons, the savage penalties had been removed from children under eighteen, consent by a Government department was made a condition necessary before prosecutions were undertaken locally, and females between fifteen and sixty-five were to be protected from police visits and catechism.

But the main fabric of Prussianism, of which the



Bill consists, remains unimpaired. Every male person over fifteen and under sixty-five becomes a ticket-of-leave man, subject at all times and places to police inquiry and supervision. Every discharged soldier and sailor, however mutilated or sick, is put under the same police control. Upon these latter and upon everyone else over eighteen, savage penalties may fall for any breach of the Act, even though it be but a failure to notify a change of employment.

Such is the Bill which has passed a House of Commons, which rarely contained more than a dozen members whilst its clauses were being discussed. It is alien to every tradition of Liberalism or freedom. Its provisions have only to be known to meet with general reprobation, and we do not believe that any Government will dare attempt to put them into operation.

## A London Diary.

LONDON, FRIDAY.

Most observers of the Labor Conference will, I think, conclude that if a new and fully equipped power has not yet arrived in politics the preparations for its birth have been well begun. Obviously there are forces that press it forward and others that hold it back. It is conscious of the war and its immense perils; conscious, too, of the shadow of its coming responsibility. But it is quite disillusioned. For the existing Government and its head Labor does not feel or profess the smallest confidence or even respect. If it did not call for the withdrawal of its own members, that is an attitude of prudent reserve. It knows with whom it has to deal, and does not want to have an election sprung upon it on a dead register. If it does not demand a Peace Conference "on the table," but rather reverts to its earlier insistence of an International Assembly of Labor, it is governed by its resolve to know how far and how fast German Socialism is going. When democratic Germany comes visibly into line, the real peace aggressive from this side will be fully in train to meet it.

BUT British Labor is resolved to intervene. The feeling of the Conference is only a shadow, as far as I could gather it, of the moving force of the Labor movement. Nothing in its present mood and purpose is governed from the top. Both the trade unionist leaders and the shop stewards are moderating elements. Nor are such grievances as exist industrial in their ultimate meaning. There is trouble with the Government over the combing out of the skilled men. There is a general knowledge of the woeful and wholesale mismanagement of the food supply. But the real source of discontent is political rather than industrial. The rank and file of Labor have two fixed points of view. They believe that the Government, behind its disguise of altruistic sentiment, is out for an Imperialistic settlement; partly because of its traditional view of British policy, from which the Prime Minister has not the power or the courage to cut himself away, and partly because of its engagements with its Allies. But Labor inclines to the Russian formula of "No annexations," and, above all, it conceives the peace to be a matter of world-settlement. It thinks that, while on these lines it can end the war and bring about the peace that the world desires, no other power in the world and no Government representing such a power, can do it. That was the state of mind, the moral situation, with which the Executive of the Conference had to deal.

ON the whole, it managed things very well. Mr. Henderson used great skill and tact to accomplish the necessary work of keeping the Conference in being as a united force and maintaining its steady advance to power. The Never-Endians need not worry themselves about Mr. Purdy's speech or the British Workers' League. The latter is an old and well-understood

phenomenon in labor politics. The former, with all its merits, was far behind even the average sentiment of the Conference. That was not a peace-at-any-price demonstration. The two striking incidents of the earlier sittings were the passionately prolonged greeting to Mr. Snowden, and the roar of acclamation which greeted Mr. MacDonald's epigram that it was too late for the diplomacy that had made a bloody mess of the world to think of excluding Labor from the Conference on which it has set its heart.

THIS feeling gave the clue to the personal bearing of the Conference. The I.L.P. did not press its special point of view—either on the new Constitution, which it would base solely on individual membership, or on peace, where its voice would be for immediate negotiation—because it felt that things were in train. And while the Conference is, I am convinced, firm on Belgium, and gave an interested and respectful hearing to M. Vandervelde and also to M. Renaudel, it reserved its acclamations for the more resolute internationalism of M. Huysmans and M. Longuet. M. Vandervelde, indeed, approached its essential thought when he said that the aim of the Allies should be a "peace without conquests," but also a peace of victory over Imperialism, external and internal, and it was a pity that so striking a phrase should have been veiled in a foreign tongue. It is this spiritual victory to which Labor looks. The door to it is the International Conference, now the accepted aim of all but a handful of personally popular but negligible eccentrics, like Mr. Thorne or Mr. Sexton. Naturally, the Executive wishes to reach its goal by way of a preliminary agreement with the Allied proletariat. But on this side no force worth counting stops the way.

THERE remains the Constitution. Its passage is essential. As soon as it was known that Coal and Cotton had combined against it, it was felt that at the best only a small majority could be secured as the result of a card vote, and that a reference back was inevitable. It is impossible not to respect the conservatism which governs the plea for reconsideration. What the miners and the textile workers fear is the growth of dual representation on the central body, and through it the gradual subordination of the ever-growing power of the greater unions to a swarm of delegates from the local Labor societies, reinforced by "cranks," Socialists, intellectuals, middle-class folk, and the rest. Behind this feeling stands some of the best and most experienced stuff in trade unionism. These men have built up a great thing, with definite, but limited objects. They do not yet realize that the base must be broadened if Labor is to hold what it has got and go on to the place that is waiting for it. But they will. The miners at least will not, I think, be an obstructive force, and a second *ad hoc* Conference will achieve what could not have come through a discussion on the spacious floor of the Albert Hall with nearly a thousand men and women conducting it. As things stand, it would be possible for the new element of individual membership to filter in through the local labor parties. The existing composition of the Conference, the card vote, and with it the predominant power of the greater unions, remain. All that the Constitution does is formally to open the door to the brain-worker and the middle-class sympathizer. It is a kind of signal for a new national party. But that happens to be precisely what is wanted. Mr. Henderson's wise patience postponed the issue, and also, I think, secures it.

WHAT is to be done with Lord Robert Cecil? Here is a man of some strength and fineness of character, who, presumably, does not hold an entirely reckless view of the frightful responsibility that attaches to him. He holds the second most important position in the Foreign Office, and is a rising figure in his party and in Parliament. He receives a short, crude summary of a speech—one of extreme detail and great amplification—by the most important statesman in Germany. Admitting that this is his only authority, he at once issues to the Press

a sharp, decisive judgment on its contents. What is one to say to such a proceeding? What kind of governance of temper and policy does it suggest? I am not saying that Count Hertling's speech was either good or bad, bellicose or pacific. The point is that no angel from Heaven could have judged it merely on the hotch-potch that Lord Robert Cecil had before him when he spoke. Millions of lives depend on the kind of words that statesmen now speak. Yet they speak avowedly without knowledge or time for consideration. A Ministry would deserve dismissal for a less offence.

SIR WILLIAM WEDDERBURN'S death, even in old age, is a great loss to the cause of Indian self-government. He was certainly the greatest of its constitutionalists. He had a beautiful dignity and serenity of manner and temper, which, joined to his fine presence and persuasiveness and liberality of mind, made him peculiarly acceptable to the Indians, and did his own country the great service of showing them how the best Liberal type always subsists in our Indian Civil Service or elsewhere. His double task was to keep Young India moderate and Liberal opinion here progressive. His patience never failed. He did not aim at great speech-making; but he gave his doctrine firm and varied expression in Parliament and afterwards in the Press. Unfortunately, we have so few of these men; and India sees so much of our narrowly honest officials, and so little of our greater, far-seeing ones. Let us hope that now that he is dead, his fast-moving creed and the need of his times will speak for him.

I AM permitted to transcribe the following lines written by Mrs. Shorter. Sad as they are, and sacred in their revelation of sorrow, they are the voice of a poet and a heroine of Ireland, and as such I think that many would like to read them:—

"How long, oh Lord, is to be my imprisonment? How long, out of my tomb, I look every day on the life passing! I am dead, oh Lord, in the midst of life! I have not lived. Neither did I know life when it was mine, only felt the sunshine of youth, and the storms of young years. Mine was not the home of others, not my delights there. Strange was my upbringing, and strange my soul! Little did I know of things save the knowledge of a child, dreaming and unpractical. And the world came hard on me till the years brought knowledge—then I died, a child yet, but dead, but stricken by infirmities. When my blood was hottest and my heart cried out in its anguish and its grief, and my mind in its excitement, rising with the soul of my land, dying with the deaths of my countrymen and friends. Fifteen times was I shot thro' the heart, and once stood by the hangman's noose, but I rose in the glory of the dead, as I had risen before, from the murdered corpses that make the soul of my country. Why have you stricken me now, oh Lord, when the blood runs light in my pulses, and even to me some little duty may have passed? Like a prisoner I peep from my window. And at night am I haunted by the reproachful dead. Like a dead drone do I lie on the hive of the bees. Like the stricken beasts do I creep into a corner to die. Strike then, oh Lord, that all of me may cease! Or let me live now that the spring comes."

THERE have been some features of peculiar vileness in the conduct of recent air-raids. One of these is the practice of returning to a building which has been set on fire by an incendiary bomb, and raining fresh bombs upon it. This practice was responsible, on an earlier raid, for the deaths of some men, women, and children. Do German Socialists realize the kind of wickedness which is cloaked under the lying bulletins they read and the impression of the German character which it spreads like a plague? I am sure they do not.

A FRIEND, in the course of his business, asked twelve persons (one of whom at least he knew to be a Conservative) whom they intended to vote for at the next election. They all answered, "For Labor."

A WAYFARER.

## Life and Letters.

BY AN UNKNOWN DISCIPLE.

THE house in which Jesus lived at Capernaum was near the northern entrance to the town where the road from Damascus first touches the lake. It was a small house by the road-side. Behind it the ground sloped down to the beach, where boats could be drawn up for repair. There was a space of beaten-down earth all round the house, with here and there a cactus and an aloe, and in one corner of this rough courtyard a clump of tall palms nodded their plumes together.

Capernaum was a large town, and there was plenty of work for a carpenter. The boats that daily went out in fleets to fish on the blue waters of the lake were in constant need of repair, so were the fittings of the caravans that passed to and fro on the road, and the tools of the husbandmen who cultivated the garden-like land round the lake. Jesus and his brothers were always busy. James was older than Jesus and very like him in the face, but of a heavier, harder make. The other brothers, Simon and Judas and Joseph, were not always at home, but came and went as the work called. The sisters of Jesus were married, and I seldom saw them. They were a kind family and fond of each other, for, though there had been much talk of how they had checked Jesus when his message first came to him, by this time they had accepted his teaching and helped him where they could. I never asked Jesus why he and his family had left Nazareth, but I think it was because they had found it hard to earn their bread there. Nazareth was a small, poor village, and out of the beaten track. Jesus was urgent to make his living, but he was more urgent to deliver his message, and Capernaum was better fitted for both purposes than Nazareth. He could teach as he worked, and when he had earned enough to buy leisure for a few days, he could leave the business in the care of James, and go off to teach in another part of the country. The house was kept by Mary, who was often to be seen in her blue garments, either cleaning inside it or going to the well to draw water.

The beaten earth of the courtyard was swept clean every morning by either Jesus or James, and here, sitting by the road-side under the palms, Jesus made ploughs and yokes for oxen, or mended the pack-saddles and other matters belonging to the caravans that passed on the road. Here, in the evening after sunset, the people brought to him those who were ill, until sometimes the whole city seemed to be gathered round his door.

Here lingered the strange caravan leaders from distant countries to hear his talk and tell him of the doings in their own lands. Here, too, came the Pharisees and teachers of the law, sometimes out of interest to hear what the new teacher had to say, but more often to spy round and pick holes in the teaching. And here, too, came I to sit with Jesus in the dust and talk.

I could not come as often as I wished, for all that summer I was hard at work. I was master of flocks and herds, of corn-lands and vineyards, but when I asked Jesus what way I was to deal with them he shook his head and would not tell me.

"What would you do?" I urged.

"How could I teach if I had the cares of riches?" he asked. "You must do it for yourself. How would you learn if I told you?"

"Must I give all to the poor?" I questioned.

"Could the love of God dwell in you if you steel your heart and look on while your brother is in want?" he answered.

I felt Jesus himself would have given all away, but I was of a different build, so I set to work with Nicodemus, who was in some sort my guardian, and during all that summer I came backwards and forwards to Capernaum to tell Jesus of our plans. Nicodemus was too much a man of God to stop me or hold back anything, but he was wise as well as just, so we began by giving the laborers a larger hire. We increased the shepherd's share of the lambs and the vine-grower's share of the grapes. The husbandmen got a greater portion of the wheat, and



we began to copy the Romans and made plans for bringing water by channels to the villages. We repaired the gates and walls to guard against the robbers who would in certainty come against the villages as the inhabitants grew wealthier. We made a store of grain for the headman to use for hospitality, and in those villages which had none we planned to build synagogues.

This was all hard work, and it was a rest to come and sit with Jesus, and, where I could—but that I was unskilful—help him in his work. James scorned me for my unhandiness, but Jesus taught me how to smooth the elbow of wood for the ploughshare, and to fit the six pieces of the plough together. He showed me how to make wooden locks, and how to bore the holes in the ox yokes, and I marvelled when I saw the care with which he worked when he fitted the yoke-pegs. I told him so, and he said:

"The oxen are working to make our bread. If the yoke does not fit they will suffer pain, and their owner will always be adjusting it. If you love your neighbors, you want them to work without irk. Therefore I take pains."

"Will your neighbor be pleased?" I asked.

"Each time he puts this yoke on his oxen and sees how well it fits, his heart ought to glow within him, and he be full of love. But if it is not so, what then? God sends his rain on the just and the unjust, and the man has paid for the yoke."

Another day he was mending a camel chest and he told me:

"This chest will go to Damascus and the Indies with a wise man with whom I have had much talk. It may be that each time he looks at it he will think of the carpenter at Capernaum who mended it just to his liking. He is a brown-faced man, with eyes like jewels, and has much wisdom. He knows that if man is to have joy he must labor, not only for bread for the body which perishes, but for living bread for the soul which God our Father gives us when we love one another."

These were times when by chance we were alone, but we were not often left to ourselves. The people all round flocked to hear the teaching, and the courtyard was seldom empty. There was a passion of pity in Jesus, and he loved people as I have never known another love. They came to him with all their pains, and he healed both body and soul. No matter how tired he was, he gathered his strength together to help, and when the power came on him, no evil could stand before him. I got to know that small house as well as my own, and the very sight of it made a well of joy and romance spring up in my heart. Each time I returned I found the same peace, Mary tending the house and Jesus working at his trade, and always there was that sense of complete understanding of others that is like a beautiful color in the sky or cold well-water in a parching land.

It was in that rude courtyard, on the clean-swept beaten earth under the palm trees where the ox-yokes were stacked, that I first heard Jesus speak of God in man. I remember that it was on a day when the peace of the courtyard had been broken by the Pharisees. It was summer and dry weather. The sun had shone all day long, and the sky was as blue as the lake. When the day's work was done Jesus had swept the chips and shavings from the courtyard with the broom of twigs, and Mary, the mother, had brought us out round bannocks of meal which she had just made, and bowls of sour milk. Then, when the sun was low and the palms showed like moulded metal against the pale, still sky, the people had gathered one by one into the courtyard.

They were chiefly people of the town, fishermen from the lake, who had left their nets in the boats drawn up on the beach, and men from the tanneries and dyeworks who had brought their wives. There were some merchants of the better sort, and the courtyard was nearly full, when a party of Pharisees arrived. These were men of substance, cheesemongers and oilmen and corn-chandlers, with one or two landowners, to whom the others paid much deference. They were all men of position and respectable, who bore rule over their households and kept their own laws, thinking their class the one perfect class. As I watched them push forward to the best places, with

a hard disregard of other people's feelings, I noted that their faces all bore the same smug stamp. Though a man's mouth be hidden in his beard, the lines on his face cannot lie and his eyes betray his soul. There is no depth in the eye of a Pharisee, and his face cries his character aloud. Amongst these men I saw here the round dense eyes of one secure in his self-righteousness, and there the flat inward-turning eye of the more uneasy lover of self, afraid that due honor will not be ceded him, and persistently crying out for flattery. They looked from side to side, and made comments on all they saw, as if all other men were deaf, and this a show provided to entertain them and to pass an idle hour. And the people gave way before their unconscious insolence as they elbowed their way to where Jesus sat under the palm trees. Some women of the town were standing near by with Mary Magdalene, and when the Pharisees caught sight of these there was a stir amongst them and much nodding of heads, and sly calling the attention of one and the other to their presence. One said to another in a whisper that all could hear:

"This man welcomes all outcasts. He even takes meals with tax-gatherers."

They did not greet Jesus, but when they had settled themselves with fuss on the only seat, a rough board laid on logs, one of them, a fat man, said with condescension:

"Well, Teacher, we have heard a great deal of your doctrine, and we have come to see you work a miracle."

Jesus turned to the Pharisees. There was no resentment in his attitude, but there was an amusement in his eyes, and the people, seeing this, pressed closer to hear what he was going to say.

"Cannot you yourself decide what is right without a miracle? When you see a cloud rising in the west, straightway you say 'There is a shower coming,' and so it is. When the south wind blows you say 'There will be heat,' and so it cometh to pass. You know how to judge of earth and sky. Cannot you judge in this?"

"But we want to see a sign from you, Teacher," said the fat man. He looked out of the corners of his eyes at his neighbor as if with some secret meaning, and then folded his thick hands on his stomach.

Jesus in one quick look seemed to measure and sum up the worth of the men before him. Then he said:

"No sign will be given you," and there was no appeal from the decision in his voice.

The Pharisees were taken aback. They leaned together rather foolishly, and whispered as if they asked one another what next to say. Then one of them, a tall, lean man, with an uneasy eye, said aloud:

"He cannot do it. He casts out devils by the power of Satan, and if Satan be not here he is powerless."

The people murmured when they heard this, but Jesus laughed aloud and said:

"How can a devil cast out devils? Will Satan revolt against himself? If he does, how can his kingdom stand? Is not a tree known by its fruits? Surely you must assume either that both tree and fruit are bad or that both tree and fruit are good. A good tree produces good fruit and a bad tree bad fruit."

The Pharisees had no answer ready, and before they could find one Jesus went on:

"What fills a man's heart will rise to his lips. Let me tell you a story. There were two men who went up to the temple to pray, one was a Pharisee and the other a tax-gatherer. The Pharisee stood where all men could see him and prayed aloud: 'Oh, God, I thank you that I am not as other men are, thieves, rogues, and adulterers, or even like this tax-gatherer. I fast twice a week, and give a tenth of all that I receive to God.'"

One of the fishermen gave a great laugh, but stifled it at once, and Jesus went on:

"The tax-gatherer stood where men could not see him, and he smote his breast and prayed: 'God be merciful to me, a sinner.' I tell you this man went home pardoned rather than the other. For he who exalts himself shall be humbled, and he who is humble shall be exalted."

The uneasy-eyed Pharisee, as if he feared a hurt to his dignity, asked sharply:

"Are you telling this with reference to us?"

And Jesus answered:

"I am not here to call the righteous to repent, but sinners. Those who are well do not need any physician."

"We have always kept the law of Moses," answered the Pharisee.

"You can justify yourselves before men, but take care. God knows your hearts, and what is greatly admired by men may be abomination in the sight of God."

"Moses gave us the law," said another Pharisee. And Jesus said:

"Why do not you yourselves think out what is right and do it? But you clean the outside of the cup and then fill it inside with greed and self-indulgence. You are careful to strain out a gnat and then you swallow a camel. You pay the tithes on mint, fennel, and caraway-seed, and neglect justice and mercy and the love of God."

He did not speak in anger, but as if these things were manifest to all men, and the Pharisees were disturbed as they listened, and one said so that we all heard:

"Is not this man Jesus, the carpenter? Are not his brothers Joseph and James and Simon, and his mother Mary. How comes he to talk like this to us?"

"Everyone who does the will of God is my brother and sister," said Jesus. "But you Pharisees have neither brothers nor sisters. If you do not love your brother whom you have seen how can you love God whom you have never seen?"

The Pharisees were angry at this, but Jesus said:

"Listen. There was a certain rich man who had a steward, and a report was brought to him that the steward was wasting his goods. So the master called him and said: 'How is it that I learn this about you? You cannot be any longer steward, therefore give in the account of your stewardship.'

"Then the steward said within himself:

"What shall I do? My lord taketh away from me the stewardship; I have no strength to dig; to beg I am ashamed. I know! This will I do, so that when I am turned out people will welcome me to their houses."

"So he called up his lord's creditors, and one by one he spoke to them. To the first he said:

"How much do you owe my lord?' And the debtor answered: 'Nine hundred and seventy-five gallons of oil.'

"Here is your bill. Sit down quickly and write five hundred and five gallons.' 'And you,' he said to the next debtor, 'how much do you owe?'

"Seventy quarters of wheat," said the man.

"Here is your account. Change it to fifty-six," said the steward.

"The master, when he heard, complimented this dishonest steward on his shrewdness."

"But the man was a scoundrel," interrupted the Pharisees in indignation.

"That may be," answered Jesus, with tranquillity. "But such men are often wiser than you children of light. For they make friends for themselves, even with their sins, while you make no friends at all. I tell you it is better to make friends even by the use of dishonest money, than it is to go through life friendless."

"You are preaching rank immorality," cried the Pharisees.

There was a change in the face of Jesus. The tranquillity left his eyes, and he spoke sternly:

"You blind guides," he said, "not only do you fall into the ditch yourself, but you lead others to fall also. I tell you that harlots and publicans will go before you into the kingdom of God because they care. They have loved their fellows, but you love no one. For no man loves less than he who needs no repentance."

"You were born a nobody, and do you teach us?" cried the Pharisees, and one said in scorn:

"The man is insane. Come, let us leave him."

"He is worse than mad. He is wicked," cried another, and they all rose and shaking their garments, began to push their way out of the courtyard, jostling the people angrily, though they had done naught to them.

They took a long time to file out, and the people kept silence till they had gone. When the last Pharisee had withdrawn, and the air seemed cleared of oppression and men breathed freely again, Jesus said, and as he spoke peace and goodwill settled again on the courtyard:

"The Pharisees have hidden the key of the knowledge of the kingdom. They will not go in themselves, or suffer others to enter. Beware of their leaven. Theirs is not true bread. Nevertheless, if they teach you of the law of God lay what they say to heart, but do not do anything that they do, for they teach what they do not practice."

A woman cried out, and there was scorn in her voice: "Do not heed them, master. Tell us your own teaching of the kingdom."

And Jesus answered:

"My teaching is not mine, but His who sent me. If you do God's will, you will learn whether the doctrine comes from God or whether I made it of myself."

"When shall we see the kingdom come to pass?" asked one in the crowd.

"The kingdom of God will never be found by looking for it," Jesus answered. "You will never be able to say, 'Lo, here,' or 'Lo, there is the kingdom!' The Kingdom of God is within you. Whoever shall know himself shall find it."

The people were silent, pondering over this teaching, and, after a moment, Jesus said:

"It is in the hearts of men that God has his dwelling. Let him who seeks the kingdom cease not till he find it. Strive to know yourselves, and you shall be aware that you are the sons of the father. No man has seen God, yet if we love one another we live in God and God in us. This is the true bread, the bread that God gives, that gives life to the world."

"Master, give us this bread," cried out the people.

"The bread of life is this knowledge of God. Just as God the father has life within himself, so has he granted this bread to his children that they may have the same life. It is by love that men pass out of death into life. He who does not love has never been alive."

A workman who was dyed from head to foot in the dyes in which he had worked all day, said:

"Teach us to know God."

Jesus paused, and in the silence nothing was heard but the lap-lapping of the lake water on the shore.

Then he answered:

"Men take seven years to learn a trade, but they think to know God in a day. Think you that the knowledge of God can be gained with more ease than you learnt your craft? If you would believe in God, you must be able to feel God. You must watch God work just as you watch slowly and with the care to gain the knowledge of your craft. The birds of the air, and all the beasts that are upon the earth, and the fishes of the sea, will teach you to know God. I can do nothing of myself. I can only do what I see God doing, and I learn only by watching God work."

The man was silent, abashed, and Jesus said gently: "God loves his children, and shows them all that he is doing. Is it not written, 'All thy children shall be taught of God, and great shall be the peace of thy children'? Do not love with words only but with deeds and loyalty. I tell you that he who does not love will never know God, but he who lives in love lives in God and God in him, for God is love."

By this time it was night, and when Jesus had said this he spoke no more, and the people, all pondering deeply, went away to their homes. But Jesus himself went up to the mountains, and spent the night alone in prayer.

#### "THE JOY OF BATTLE."

THE worst of it is that people are incurably poetic. They idealize everything. They blind themselves to reality by conjuring up a spiritual vision of what they would like to be true. They stand in the world as spectators witnessing melodrama, ready to hiss the villain, but confident in their hearts that all will be well, and that the golden-



haired embodiment of virtue will secure love and happiness in the end. Over the whole of life they cast a glamor which never was but in themselves. Accepted phrases, passed down from one generation to another, help them to cast that glamor, but they are especially helped by a deliberate or unconscious resolution never to perceive anything which might possibly dim its brightness. It is an amiable characteristic; perhaps it is the surest evidence of the spiritual nature underlying mankind. At all events, it is the source of the perpetual popularity which melodrama enjoys in every country; and if we said it is the source of every art, we could argue that is true.

Over the past this glamor is thrown most brilliantly, and with least regard for truth. All the talk about "happy childhood" or "the good old times" arises from the brightness of its unreality. It is only thinking so that makes childhood seem specially happy or the old times good. Pain, suffering, anxiety, and particularly fear, quietly drop from the memory, and the poetic glamor covers all, just as next August the scarlet poppies of oblivion will cover the shell-holes and chasms of France, hiding the bones which lie buried there. Amiable and inevitable this poetic habit certainly is, and yet we are right in saying that the incurably poetic nature of mankind is the worst of it. Especially in regard to those very shell-holes and chasms it is the worst. The glamor of splendid mendacity is shed upon war more quickly and with finer brilliancy or iridescence than upon any other event or emotion. All wars of the past appear glorious. All of us imagine we should love to have fought in them—to have leapt over the parapet with Achilles, to have combed our hair in readiness for death with those obedient to Sparta's word, to have charged with Caesar's Tenth Legion, to have chased the Spaniard round the Orkneys, to have seen Nelson's signal fly, to have trailed after Moore to Corunna, or have watched Wellington waiting, waiting for the moment of decision. We need not go so far back even as one little century to find the many-colored glamor of time cast upon the big wars that make ambition virtue. Already 1914 is a myth, and within a few weeks of their conflict the heroes of Mons were known to have been attended by an innumerable heavenly host.

That, we repeat, is the worst of it. Bellicose writers used to encourage us with the assertion that this was a war to end war. Many still say, "Never again! Whatever happens, this war must be the last." But we can have no assurance of that. The incurably poetic nature of mankind will idealize this war as it has idealized every other. One single generation which has not known war is always sufficient to cast a glory over bloodshed. When Persia was defeated, the Athenians came back in wretchedness to their burnt and devastated city, but many lived to see their sons a-tiptoe with eagerness for war at any price. The "Waterloo Tits," as they were called in the North, had hardly passed away when Henley and Stevenson and Kipling began shouting the joys of slaughter and the splendor of the sword. The shouts sound hollow now, as toneless as the gibbering of ghosts; but within the lifetime of many survivors, mankind's inherent love of glowing unreality will have shed its irresistible light upon "The Five Years' War," and youths will think their peaceful existence dull in comparison with the stirring adventures of their fathers in Flanders or the Dardanelles. So it may be that the future danger for mankind will not lurk in the regrettable continuance of monarchies, or in the ambition of one nation, or the commercial expansion of another, but just in that consoling faculty of imagination which is mankind's happiest prerogative. In 1892, the memory of Germany's last and, at that time, most murderous war, was only just, as it were, of age. Yet, speaking to the Reichstag in that November, the Chancellor Caprivi said: "It must be a very bad company which is not filled with excitement and joy when the order for mobilization comes and war is declared."

That is not all very well; it is all very bad, though very natural. But what shall we say to the present Chancellor's speech in the Reichstag? After three-and-a-half years of the most hideous and deadly of all wars, the Chancellor, Count Hertling, declared last week that

"throughout the whole German army, in the officers and in the men, lives the unbroken joy of battle." It is one of those statements which can only be made by people who either know nothing of war, or whose position separates them in complete isolation from the fighting officers and men. Similarly, one sometimes hears journalists, warlike women, the "Cuthberts" of bureaucracy, or the exquisite warriors of Whitehall declare that "The Tommies at the front simply love fighting," or "are having the time of their lives." It may be true that some fighters find a gambler's excitement in the risk of killing or being killed. It is like the lion-hunter's excitement, with the dubious qualification that the odds are even. It is certainly true that now and again the soldier puts his full faculties to the test, and may discover faculties unknown to himself before. Writing on the extraordinary exploit of the New Zealand and Otago Mounted Rifles in scaling "Table Top" during the night attack on Sari Bair, Sir Ian Hamilton says, "There are moments during battle when life becomes intensified, when men become supermen, when the impossible becomes simple." Such moments undoubtedly bestow happiness, for happiness lies in the exercise of powers, especially of unsuspected powers; and perhaps there is no greater happiness than the discovery that in moments of deadly peril one is not so frightened as might have been supposed, but still can fear only fear. We may grant all that, but such moments come rarely, if at all, and to say that a whole army is filled with the joy of battle is a very different tale. Take even our own men, whose "gaiety" and "cheerfulness" have been extolled to satiety by our correspondents and Allies alike. Of course they are "cheerful." It is in our British nature to "grouse" and grumble with a kind of ironic cheerfulness, and, above all things and at all costs, to conceal our feelings. They will "stick it"; they will do their job; they will go through with it, risking life and meeting death with the strangest medley of motives. But ask them whether the unbroken joy of battle lives in their hearts and hear what they will say!

We have supped too full of horrors for that poetic old twaddle. And so have the Germans, though their education, their songs, and their hideous ideal of the State have stuffed them with it from the cradle up. They, too, are a tough people, like ourselves. They will go through with it, and do their job. But unbroken joy of battle! The Chancellor is an old man, a rich man, a Count, the highest official in a State of officials; else he would be sent off with a batch of other privates to "fill up gaps" in the "slaughter-house," as the German privates call the Western Front. We should rejoice at his going. We wish all his kind could accompany him, if only for a month or the duration of their lives, whichever were shorter. We doubt if his joy of battle would remain unbroken. Let him advance with an attack in Flanders. He plods along rounded edges between shell-holes and craters, dragging his foot out of the clay at every step. If he slipped he would subside into liquid mud and slush, as into a quicksand, and slowly drown. His body would disappear among others whose skeletons only years of peace will reveal. Bullets whine past him by hundreds; shrapnel shrieks overhead; heavy shells spout like volcanoes. His comrades fall silently. Their limbs are shattered. Half their heads are blown away. Earth and sky flicker with sudden flames like lightning. Booming and crashing noises never stop. The air is filled with the sinister smell of death. Unless he dies, he must go on and kill someone. Private Hertling is as brave as anyone else. He will go on. He will even try to trot. He has heard a deal about "Soldatenpflicht," and besides, he has no choice. But to say that the unbroken joy of battle lives in his heart!

"To talk of war," says the French soldier in "Le Feu," "is like talking of nothing. It stifles words. We are like blind men looking about. One can't imagine it. How could you imagine it if you hadn't been there? You'd have to be mad." These things hardly bear speaking of, even if speech were possible.

As the English poet says:—

"They ask me where I've been,  
And what I've done and seen.

But what can I reply,  
Who know it wasn't I,  
But someone just like me,  
Who went across the sea  
And with my head and hands  
Killed men in foreign lands. . .  
Though I must bear the blame  
Because he bore my name."

We are glad that our poets—many of the youngest and best—have joined in writing thus of war. We are even more glad that France has allowed some of her best young writers at last to reveal, however partially, some at least of the genuine truth about this war and every war. "War," says General von Freytag-Loringhoven in his much-read book, "has its basis in human nature, and as long as human nature remains unaltered, war will continue to exist." In that case, let us by all means hasten to alter human nature, and the best way to begin is to choke down the romantic lie in such phrases as "the joy of battle." Let poets and writers and artists and all other soldiers of our time be allowed freely to describe the actual truth of war as they have seen it. Only so, if at all, can some check be laid upon that idealizing habit which throws the attractive and picturesque glamor of time over wars even lately endured, just as moss and ferns encumber a ruined dungeon with their effeminate greenery.

## Letters to the Editor.

### CAN RADICALISM AND SOCIALISM UNITE?

SIR,—The greatest series of events in British party politics for a generation have been the Labor Manifesto on War Aims, its adoption by a Representative Assembly of Labor, and the messages of Labor to President Wilson and the Russian Democracy. Hitherto the British Labor Party has played a secondary part as a force of discontent driving Governments into progressive courses. It has now become a directing force, stepping in to divert the world from ruin, where the old parties are impotent to shape a policy.

The new situation arouses in an immediate and acute form the question which is disturbing the minds of so many men and women as to where in the new epoch they owe political allegiance. In these times old associations cannot override the more urgent necessity for good policy and the brave utterance of it. As the days pass Europe is rushing down to ruin for lack of statesmen. And political organisations, which are now failing to offer the people any help except parrot cries of national unity and crushing Prussianism, cannot expect to retain the loyalty of millions after the war when the problems will be more complex, even if time is less urgent. The Liberal Party to-day has no voice except through its leaders. But in this tremendous crisis they have been conspicuously unable either to prevent the world conflagration, to conduct the war successfully, or to prepare the way for an honorable democratic peace. In fact, they have failed to lead in action and in thought. What likelihood is there that they will lead effectively when the world has to be rebuilt on the ruins caused by the war?

Many Radicals are already openly joining the Labor Party. Others are hesitating, uncertain whether the reconstruction of the Labor Party means only a finer electioneering machine for registering discontent and class irritation in Parliament, or a much bigger thing—i.e., the force, which, utilising the best intellect of the country, will rally men of all classes to a broad policy of internationalism and economic revolution through law. Russian, German, and French Socialist Parties play this part already, and will issue from the wreck of the war as the sole organized exponents in their respective countries of an international social creed. If this is the trend of the Labor Party here it will enter the minds of many Radicals that they will wish either to join the Labor Party or at least to co-operate with it towards the formation of a great democratic group. The one need of the hour is the sacred union of the democratic forces of Britain in some form, which will ensure the co-operation of the whole Labor world both Trade Union and Socialist, and the Radical part of the Liberal Party.

One contribution towards the fusion or co-operation is to ascertain whether on the greater outlines of national policy there is solid common ground between Radicalism and Labor. That I fully believe to be the case. It is for that reason that I try to put into shape what many Liberals and Radicals appear to be thinking in propositions which might be useful to compare with the principles now being laid down for the discussion of the Labor Party.

I. *Internationalism* ought to be the first pillar of the new order. Without internationalism in spirit and in practice there is no future for democracy.

(a) In the first place, no peace is possible unless the Governments are forced to apply international principles instead of national policies. Russia alone has as yet abandoned all national aggrandizement. The German ruling classes still hanker after Belgium, Livonia, and Poland; the ruling class of Western Europe after German Colonies, German Alsace, Dalmatia, and Mesopotamia. The makers of the secret treaties revealed by the Bolshevik Government and the men who prevented the Stockholm Conference can never reconcile the peoples of Europe. The Labor message to Russia, in response to Trotsky, is the first note of true policy from Great Britain.

(b) No peace which ends the war can give security; but only the policy pursued during subsequent years. A League of Nations will be a shadow and a sham unless there is here an all-powerful party determined to reduce British armaments to a minimum and keep them reduced, to abolish all private interest in the manufacture of armaments, to stop every Imperialist intrigue at its inception, to insist on the Open Door in all our Colonies and Free Trade at home, to establish an organized connection with the Democratic and Socialist Parties of other countries for common action and co-operative resistance to all forms of militarism.

(c) The only security against Imperialist intrigue is an educated democracy. It will be a chief function of a democratic party to insist on a full discussion of foreign policy and the sanction of all grave acts such as treaty making, war or peace, by Parliament. The revelation by the Bolshevik Government of the secret treaties, those pacts of plunder made by Governments who abjured in public annexations and territorial expansion, ought to give the *coup de grâce* to secret diplomacy.

II. *The Recovery of Liberty* in all its forms depends on Internationalism. If militarism survives, freedom does not. But an international party can demand the instant end of Conscription, the Defence of the Realm Act, the Censorship, the Munitions Act, and all the War Bureaucracies. About this there can be no compromise. And compulsory military training or Imperialist teaching in the people's schools must be resisted.

III. On the basis of Internationalism and Liberty, there is good hope that the common men and women of our land will be able to challenge the worst features of our existing social and economic order.

(a) *The first challenge is to the private ownership of unearned wealth* which deprives the community of values created by itself, and is the chief cause of economic inequality.

The key to the new order is just taxation. A debt of five or six thousand millions will, if not disposed of, require the doubling of our pre-war taxation, and leave no margin for new social expenditure. The debt ought therefore to be wiped off by the generation that made it. No sources of revenue are sufficient except a very large tax on land values and a levy on capital. The first of these measures would at once place at the disposal of the State a large part of the communally created values. The levy on capital might result in the State acquiring a proportion of the land, and part of the capital in many industrial concerns.

By this process the poor man, the wage-earner, and the man of a limited income would enjoy a greater, not a less immunity from taxation. Only thus and by maintaining complete freedom for imports, it may be possible to support the period of high prices which will necessarily follow the war.

(b) *The Second Challenge is to the Land Monopoly*, which not only preserves communal values in private hands, but endows private individuals with the power of dictating the use of land, and so of commanding the lives and fortunes of their fellow-countrymen.

The breaking of the land monopoly must be a conscious aim of the policy. Land must pay to rates and taxes according to its real value, so that no owner can afford to refuse the use of his land either in town or country. Nor must the user of land be any longer burdened by taxes on houses and improvements, which are just as vicious as taxes on foodstuffs. The land may gradually pass to the community; but when it does so it must be after the land monopoly has ceased and when the prices of land have been reduced to a minimum by every acre being put to its best use. The landlords must not be bought out in the old style on the basis of the present inflated and unsocial values.

If land becomes easily available for all men and all industries the danger of unemployment will be infinitely less. We can then face as a manageable problem the provision of a full subsistence allowance for the temporarily unemployed and all the measures which will result from the break-up of the present poor-law system.

(c) *The Third Challenge is conveyed in the Demand that the workers in the industries of the country have a predominant right to decide the conditions under which they work*, and to enjoy the results of their labor.

To secure these ends, the war control of the nation over railways, mines, and shipping will have to be maintained and developed into state ownership. Where private employment continues, employers will have to admit the workers to a full share in the settlement of hours, wages, and general conditions. A national minimum of wages and conditions will have to be established by law in all industries. Hours of labor will have to be rigorously restricted.



There are other supremely important questions, such as education and housing. But it is useless to talk of a million new houses if the land monopoly continues, or of democratic education up to the university, if our revenue has to go to pay the interest of war-debt, or the manufacture of armaments.

The chief note of the new policy must be thoroughness. For the time of compromise, of the slow and patient evolution to a better social condition, has passed with the war. No reversion to pre-war programmes of a 25s. minimum wage and a moderate taxation of urban sites and educational facilities will satisfy the new demands. Our lives have been spoilt by compromise, because we tolerated armament firms and secret diplomacy and the rule of wealth. The world-war has revealed the real meaning of our social system. As imperialism, militarism, and irresponsible wealth are everywhere trying to crush democracy to-day, so democracy must treat these forces without mercy. The root of all evil is economic privilege. The personal problem which faces so many of us is that we cannot waste the rest of our lives in half-measures against it. Where shall we find that political combination which will offer us resource in its strategy, coherence in its policy, and fearlessness in its proposals?—Yours, &c.,

CHARLES TREVELYAN.

January 29th, 1918.

### THE LIFE OF LORD LISTER.

SIR,—I will not trespass on your space for more than a few words on the attempts made by your three medical correspondents to convict me of ignorant misrepresentation by the odd method of repeating all my statements in their own words. I am not surprised: it is only a fortnight since the editor of a medical paper offered to his readers a crushing example of one of my alleged "howlers," and added, "Unfortunately, this is perfectly true." Your correspondents have adopted the same tactics; and naturally, it is not for me to object.

In justice to Mr. Fairlie, I must admit that he sticks to the Listerian guns. He still believes that a wound can be made "to heal rapidly and cleanly" by "sterilising the part to be operated on." He denies that Sir Almroth Wright's treatment of wounds has had any convincing results. And he says that the statement that the antiseptic treatment of sinuses not only did not heal them, but prevented them from healing (Sir Almroth has now provided the explanation of this clinical fact) is "simply not true." Against such devoted conviction I am powerless. I leave Mr. Fairlie to Sir Almroth, and wish him better luck than Sir William Watson Cheyne had when he led what I supposed would be the last forlorn hope of Listerism against the experience of the war. But for the rest, there is nothing in the three letters but paraphrases of my own letter and desolating blindness to their bearing and importance. As a sample of the sort of thing that passes for scientific controversy in the medical profession, I may cite the fact that whereas everyone of the reviews of Lister's life which extolled him as a great man claimed that his antiseptic theory of surgery had been suggested by the researches of Pasteur, the moment I repeat this statement I am immediately told that Pasteur did not study pus and its production in wounds. Who ever said he did?

In conclusion, let me remind your readers that I did not seek this controversy. I kept silence when reviewer after reviewer, including even so keen and advanced a spirit as Miss Rebecca West, allowed themselves to be bluffed into joining this medical conspiracy to foist on the country a professional reputation at ten times its real value, and to conceal a disastrous blunder in the interests of the trade in antiseptics. But when, not content with this, the conspirators attacked your Reviewer because his estimate of Lister's intellect fell slightly short of the enthusiasm with which he might have written about Newton, Shakespear, or St. Francis, I thought it my public duty to effect a readjustment. In doing so I took on credit the current statement that Lister was a great manipulative surgeon. On this point I must withdraw and apologize, as I cannot hold out against the authority of Dr. Greville McDonald, "I was one of Lister's first dressers in London," he says, "and later, his colleague; and I knew him better than was possible to most students. He was, perhaps, as Mr. Bernard Shaw suggests, not a great intellectual; and he certainly was, in his manipulations, not a great surgeon." This must, I think, be regarded as the *coup de grâce* to poor Lister's reputation. I shall always give him the same credit for the revolution in surgery as I give to the Tsar for the Russian Revolution. And, as a humane man, I am glad that the final blow came from one of his defenders and not from me.

Perhaps I had better finish by adding a simple explanation of the whole dispute. It may have been noticed that when I deal with any controversial question, which I never do without making as sure of my ground as possible (for my reputation is at stake every time: I am not registered as infallible and omniscient, as doctors are), I am invariably attacked furiously for being maliciously, pervertedly, and infamously wrong by the people I am trying to set right, and equally invariably it turns out presently that I was carefully, laboriously, scientifically

right in all essential particulars. But do you suppose that those whom I have disinterestedly rescued from error and delusion are capable of seeing that their reconsideration of the point at issue involves a reconsideration of their opinion of me? Not a bit of it. When they are all echoing my views and even making catchwords of my phrases, they still think of me as the man who is always wrong. Just so in the case of Lister, they were told as students that Lister was a great man; and though his practice has been discarded and his theory exploded, they are none the less amazed and scandalized when anyone suggests that as his reputation stood by that practice and theory, so it must fall by it. Even Sir Almroth Wright, in the very act of demonstrating that the chief of the old Listerian guard is ignorant of the simple facts established by experiment in the bacteriological laboratory and has no notion of scientific reasoning, will casually allude to Lister as a great man. I wish I could be judged by my mistakes: I should have a first-rate scientific reputation by this time. Unfortunately for myself, though I make plenty, I do not make them in public.

It is understood, I hope, that this discussion is quite platonic. If I thought for a moment that any wounded soldier was being treated Listerically, I should have to take the matter very seriously indeed.—Yours, &c.,

G. BERNARD SHAW.

### THE FREE CHURCHES AND WAR.

SIR,—Mr. J. Morley Eagers, and your other correspondents in this week's issue, will like to know that there are many Free Church ministers who are grateful for such letters as his, and are practically in his position, and do not in the least hesitate to say so not only in private, but from their pulpits, and this without protest, let, or hindrance from their hearers, whatever some of the hearers may think. Moreover—and here I speak for myself—these things were said when the war began in assemblies of ministers and other representatives of the Free Churches—Congregational at any rate.

But it has to be added that during the recent week of United Free Church Council prayer, a speaker was taken to task at the close (and by a minister's wife) for submitting such propositions as these in an appointed address on "Nations and their Rulers":—

1. That one must discriminate between Nations and Rulers.
2. That the titular rulers, such as Kings and Emperors, were not always *rulers* in fact, nor even Governments, but that if search were continued far enough along any avenue, Finance would probably be found to be ruling.
3. That the German rulers were not the German people, and that it was right to assume (what other could be done?) that there were good, God-fearing, affectionate, peace-loving people in that land as in ours.
4. That, at least, we should pray for Germans; and if we had any true faith in prayer, even for the worst of those whom we regarded as evil and foes, that the Almighty Father would change their hearts, if they needed a change.—I am, &c.,

X.

January 26th, 1918.

[We have had to defer one or two letters on the medical controversy and other subjects.—ED., THE NATION.]

## Poetry.

### THE MODERN ABRAHAM.

His purple fingers clutch a large cigar—

Plump, mottled fingers, with a ring or two.

He rests back in his fat armchair. The war

Has made this change in him. As he looks through

His cheque-book with a tragic look he sighs:

"Disabled Soldiers' Fund" he read afresh.

And through his meat-red face peer angry eyes—

The spirit piercing through its mound of flesh.

They should not ask me to subscribe again!

Consider me, and all that I have done—

I've fought for Britain with my might and main,

I make explosives—and I gave a son.

My factory—converted for the fight—

I do not like to boast of what I've spent—

Now manufactures gas and dynamite,

Which only pays me 70 per cent.

And if I had ten other sons to send

I'd make them serve my country to the end;

So all the neighbors should flock round, and say:

"Oh! Look what Mr. Abraham has done.

He loves his country in the elder way;

Poor gentleman, he's lost another son!"

MILES.

## "PELMANISM" IN 1917.

BY EDWARD ANTON.

THE annals of the past year would be incomplete without some reference to the prominent part in the affairs of the Empire which has been played by that remarkable new force—*Pelmanism*. The progress of this movement may be taken as an earnest of the still greater part which it will play in the future; for, in the space of a few months, the Pelman Institute has risen from the status of a private concern to that of a truly national institution.

The credit of "discovering" the immense possibilities of "Pelmanism" as a factor of national and individual betterment belongs largely to "Truth," which, after a close and critical investigation of all the available evidence, devoted an entire supplement to a report on the work of the Pelman Institute in May, 1916, and issued further supplements in September of that year and in May, 1917.

The effect of these reports—emanating from a source well known for its fearless independence—was electrical. Every section of the community responded to "Truth's" sounding call to efficiency. To satisfy the enormous public demand for the reports, several large editions (amounting to some hundreds of thousands) were reprinted and distributed free through the medium of announcements in the "Daily Mail," the "Times," and other leading journals. A large proportion of these reprints was reserved for the Army and the Navy; but every class of the public displayed eagerness for copies, and the demand, I may add, is still unabated. I venture the opinion that "Truth" performed a national service of no small value when it devoted its columns to the work of opening the eyes of the public to the practical importance of "Pelmanism" as an aid to personal efficiency and progress.

And now, I repeat, "Pelmanism" has become a national movement; and every day—nay, every hour—brings fresh evidence of its almost limitless possibilities. It is affirmed—and I believe it whole-heartedly—that no man or woman who has conscientiously followed Pelman principles has ever failed to reap substantial benefit.

Some have utilized it primarily as a means of gaining increased incomes and better positions in business or professional life; others adopt it with a view to securing greater mental development and a higher standard of personal efficiency; others, again, find it of superlative value educationally and intellectually. It appeals to every individual who desires to progress and to prosper, no matter what the sphere of his or her work or ambitions may be.

The registers of the Institute show that every conceivable vocation or occupation is represented therein. I will deal with the various "groups" further on; but in the meantime I desire to emphasize, by every means in my power, the fact that there is no class of men or women who can afford to disregard "Pelmanism," whatever their education may have been, whatever their present position and attainments may be.

What is the Pelman System? The question is not easily answered in small space. I can best illustrate the effects of a Pelman Training by a reference to what takes place when a course of scientific physical culture is followed. The physical culturist first learns the use of each group of muscles; he then *exercises* them systematically in order to develop their power and to bring them under his direct control. The result is a very high maximum of physical efficiency, every set of muscles being brought into *fully* effective use and proper co-ordination of effort being introduced. The Pelman System applies the same scientific methods to the various faculties of the mind, and with equally definite and equally certain results. But whereas the degree of physical development is limited, the possibilities of mental development are practically *limitless*. That is why the University man and the Army chief are able, equally with the man of elementary education, the clerk or the private, to derive direct and tangible benefits from the adoption of Pelmanism.

The Pelman System is, moreover, distinguished by

its inexhaustible adaptability. It is not a mental strait-jacket, but an instrument of wonderful range and elasticity. Instead of attempting to impose "cut-and-dried" rules and methods of thought, it shows the student how to give effective expression to his or her own ideals, aims, and personality. In fact, it completes a man or woman in the mental sense, just as bodily training completes them in the physical sense. That is possibly why the Pelman System has so very often been the means of developing latent (and unsuspected) powers of the mind. It arouses the student to a recognition of his or her own powers and opportunities, inspiring self-confidence, moral courage, and the desire for effective action. As a mental and moral "tonic" it is, by the testimony of many students, well worth many times the time spent upon it.

## INCOMES DOUBLED AND TREBLED.

Let us first see what has been accomplished, in a financial sense, as a result of following the Pelman System. Evidence is piled mountain-high in this regard, for probably 60 per cent. of those who take up the Pelman Course do so with the idea of increasing their incomes. Having achieved this object, they proceed to realize some of the "higher values" of Pelmanism—values which, to quote the words of an ardent Pelmanist, are "far above money."

It will be conceded that, in one sense, financial gain is the most *solid* evidence that could be desired. A man might imagine that his power of concentration and application to work had improved or that he was more observant or had developed greater will-power, but not even the most vivid imagination could explain substantial monetary gains such as are daily reported by students of the Pelman Course. Here are a few reports, taken almost at random, from the records of the Institute:

- Rise of £145 per annum.
- Doubled my turnover.
- Salary increased by £125 (woman).
- Salary improved 300 per cent.
- Literary prize of £250.
- My income has gone up 300 per cent.
- Substantial increase in my salary.
- Increase of salary of 50 per cent.
- Increased turnover and salary.
- My turnover has beaten all records.
- My business has increased considerably.
- Salary exactly doubled.
- Added £80 to my commission account.
- I have had a 40 per cent. rise.
- The means of making my income double.
- Greatest increase in business.

The above "results" are quoted in the exact words of the writers; in every case they are reported with *other* benefits which have accrued from the Course. In some cases the gains have resulted from a few weeks' study of "Pelmanism"; in other cases a longer period has elapsed. The Time depends upon the diligence and adaptability of the student; and those are factors which are not within the control of the Pelman Institute.

## THE ARMY AND NAVY.

Over 18,000 officers and men of both Services are now Pelmanists, the list being headed by forty-eight generals and ten admirals. The mere fact that such a large number are studying the Course, in spite of such drawbacks as scanty leisure and adverse environment, speaks volumes for the estimation in which Pelmanism is held by the Services. Equally significant is the frequency with which generals send their subordinate officers to be enrolled, and regimental commanders often pay the fee for one or more of their N.C.O.s.

Whilst the bulk of Army and Navy men take the Course as being indispensable to their professional efficiency, it is worthy of note that a secondary object is to gain increased efficiency for business when the war is over and the soldier or sailor returns to civil life.

Two typical letters may be quoted here from amongst the many hundreds received from "the Front." Both are from Army officers. The first letter runs:—

"I should like to call your attention to the facts of the story of my Pelman Course.

"When I began I was looked upon with disfavor by the C.O. of my battalion at home as being a sleepy, forgetful, and unsoldierlike sub. When I began your Course my star began to rise—I had the ability, but had not been able to use it. I left the home battalion with my C.O.'s recommendation as being the best officer he had had for more than a year, and came to France.



"I was then appointed as a second-lieutenant to command a company over the heads of four men with two 'pips,' and have now three stars and a M.C."

"That I was able to make use of my abilities so successfully I attribute entirely to the Pelman System."

The second letter presents another interesting view:—

"The Course has prevented me becoming slack and stagnating during my Army life—this is a most virulent danger, I may add. It inculcates a clear, thorough, courageous method of playing the game of life—admirably suited to the English temperament, and should prove moral salvation to many a business man. 'Success,' too, would follow—but I consider this as secondary."

#### PROFESSIONAL MEN AND "PELMANISM."

All classes of professional men have displayed the keenest interest in the Pelman System. Doctors, solicitors, barristers, architects, auditors, journalists, authors, civil engineers, educationists—these have all enrolled in large numbers, and have supplied astonishing evidence of the value of the Course to them in their daily work. A few examples of letters received from professional men are appended.

*From a Doctor.*

"I took the Pelman Course because my practice was not in a satisfactory condition, and I could not discover the cause. Your lessons enabled me to analyse the trouble, discover the weak points, and correct them, with most satisfactory results. Your Course has proved to be a splendid investment for me. My chief regret is that I did not take it at the beginning of my student's days."

*From a Solicitor.*

"I have found the Course particularly useful in my business; it has helped me to advise far more usefully, and to deal with professional work and problems far more efficiently. Altogether, I have no hesitation whatever in recommending the Pelman Course as a wonderful tonic to the mind. No one who practises the System perseveringly can possibly fail to receive great benefit."

*From a Private Tutor.*

"Speaking from my own personal experience, I should have no hesitation in saying that everybody who can do so ought to take a Course of Pelman Training. I have applied the memory methods successfully in learning a new language. Increased self-confidence, improved concentration, a disciplined imagination, and a reliable memory are among the many benefits which all who give the Course a fair trial gladly acknowledge. No wonder Pelman students are enthusiastic."

*From a Clergyman.*

"It is now twelve months since I used a note of any kind in public speaking. I hardly dared to believe that I could so completely abandon them. I thought that for special occasions I should fall back on notes, but this is not so. This is a great satisfaction to me."

*From an Architect.*

"The benefits derived from the Course are inestimable. A Pelman student is equipped with a wonderful stock of information and devices that cannot fail to help him to get the best out of any problem in life. I consider the lesson on personality is alone worth the whole fee. My position has undoubtedly improved, both socially and financially, since I took the Course."

#### PELMAN TRAINING FOR WOMEN.

The number of women students of the Pelman Course has noticeably increased since the war had the effect of greatly enlarging the sphere of women's activities. Here are some interesting letters from women who have taken a Pelman Training.

*Rapid Business Progress.*

"Ten months ago I decided to venture on a business life. I had no business experience at all, and anticipated a difficult time, being very nervous and shy. I took up the Pelman Course: Began in September last as a clerk; was promoted and my salary increased 25 per cent. in November; and in March, 1916, I was again promoted to bookkeeper (not a war post), with another increase. Within a year I expect to be earning double my salary. I attribute the greater part of my success to Pelman, for I worked on Pelman lines.—A WOMAN BOOKKEEPER."

*A Lady of Fifty.*

"My object in studying the Pelman Course was not in any way a professional one, but simply to improve my memory and mental capacity, which, at the age of 50, were, I felt, becoming dull and rusty. I have found the Course not only most interesting, but calculated to give a mental stimulus, keenness, and alertness to one's mind, which is what most people need at my age. Anyone who goes through the Course is bound to receive real benefit and find a delightful occupation.—INDEPENDENT MEANS."

*From a Titled Lady.*

"So struck is my husband by the good I have already derived from the Pelman Course, that, as soon as his present arduous duties permit, he fully hopes to do a Course himself. Also he brought Pelman to the notice of a brother officer whom he felt it would benefit, and this same officer has not only started the Course himself, but, in his turn, wishes his wife also to take it up."

*Social Advantages.*

"From a mental point of view, one's faculties are not only rejuvenated, but kept youthful, and there is consequently a keener zest for life. Mental ennui is avoided, and a useful store of knowledge accumulated. From a social point of view, one is a more efficient member of society (since all one's faculties are alive), and certainly a more pleasing and entertaining one."

#### "PELMANISM" IN THE BUSINESS WORLD.

The new movement has made tremendous progress amongst all classes of business men. In many cases the enrolment of one member of a firm is quickly followed by others from the same firm. Quite recently enrolments were made, in one day, from eight members of one large firm (including managing director, works manager, warehouse manager, cashier, correspondent, foreman, invoice clerk, and forwarding clerk). Such facts render comment superfluous. The frequency with which business principals pay for the enrolment of their employees proves that "Pelmanism" supplies a convincing answer to the question "Is it worth while?" Here are a few interesting letters from business men:—

*From a Director.*

"I consider the Pelman Course is of the utmost value. It teaches one how to observe and to think in the right way, which few realise who have not studied it. The great charm to me was the realisation of greater power to train oneself for more and more efficiency. I gained from each lesson right up to the end of the Course."

*From a Clerk.*

"Looking back over the time since I first enrolled for the Course, I marvel at the changed outlook and wide sphere which it opened out to me. The personal benefits are a great increase of self-confidence and a thousand-fold better memory. . . . If only the public knew your Course, I am sure your offices would be literally besieged by prospective students."

*From a Works Manager.*

"Your System has certainly been of great assistance to me in a variety of ways. Up to recently I was works manager for a big firm of yarn spinners, but have now attained the position of right-hand man to the owners, being removed from the executive to the administrative side of the business."

*From a Bank Cashier.*

"I have much pleasure in testifying to the practical value of the Pelman System as a means of developing one's mental powers. My chief regret is that I did not take the Course years ago. I have found the training of great value in clearness of mental vision, quickness of decision, and greater self-confidence. The outlay is quite nominal compared with the great advantages attained."

*From a Foreign Correspondent.*

"It is with great pleasure that I certify having derived great benefit from the Pelman System of Mind and Memory Training. I have greatly improved in will-power and memory, and can do my work much easier."

*From a Textile Buyer.*

"From my own experience I would strongly recommend the Pelman Course to all who are ambitious and keenly desirous of success. Perhaps its greatest value is that it causes one to feel more independent of circumstances of any and every kind; it tends to transfer our destiny from chance into our own keeping."

*From an Advertising Manager.*

"As advertising manager for a large firm of manufacturing chemists I have, by thinking along the lines laid down in the Course, been able to evolve a number of ideas for new lines which must, in part at any rate, be credited to your system of training."

#### "TRUTH'S" SUMMING UP.

I cannot do better than to quote from the conclusion arrived at by "Truth's" investigator, and which formed the *finale* to the first report:—

"The Pelman System places the means of progress within the reach of every one. It does not provide a brain for the brainless, but it does provide every one with the means of making the best use of the faculties with which Nature has endowed him, and bringing them to full fruition. What that fruition will be depends, of course, on the original capabilities of the student, but it needs no great knowledge of the world to be aware that the man with well-ordered mind and reliable memory is at an advantage over him whose faculties, though naturally greater, have been undeveloped or developed at random. The moral is, of course, for those who want to make the most of their natural endowments to equip themselves for success in the battle of life to see that their minds are trained to the point of efficiency. With that object they cannot do better than take advantage of the course of instruction offered to them by the Pelman Institute."

A full description of the Pelman System is given in "Mind and Memory," with many interesting illustrations of the manifold utilities of Pelmanism, and evidence of its value to various classes of men and women. A free copy of this book, together with a free copy of "Truth's" third report, will be sent, post free, to any reader of THE NATION who sends a post card applying for same to the Pelman Institute, 97, Wenham House, Bloomsbury Street, London, W.C. 1.

Use this Coupon or send a Post Card.

To The Pelman Institute,

97, Wenham House, Bloomsbury Street, London, W.C. 1

SIR.—Please send me, gratis and post free, a copy of the book "Mind and Memory," a copy of "Truth's" latest report, and particulars of the Special Offer entitling me to take the Pelman Course at one-third less than usual fees.

NAME .....

ADDRESS .....

ALL CORRESPONDENCE IS CONFIDENTIAL.

## The World of Books.

THE "NATION" OFFICE, THURSDAY NIGHT.

THE following is our weekly selection of books which we commend to the notice of our readers:—

- "The Free Press." By Hilaire Belloc. (Allen & Unwin. 2s. 6d. net.)  
 "The Science of Power." By Benjamin Kidd. (Methuen. 6s. net.)  
 "A Number of Things." By Dixon Scott. (Foulis. 5s. net.)  
 "Where the Great City Stands." A study in the new Civics. By C. R. Ashbee. (Batsford. 21s. net.)  
 "Nineteen Impressions." By J. D. Beresford. (Sidgwick & Jackson. 6s.)

THERE were two of us in the hotel, and the next train was to-morrow. The man who was marooned with me in that village was a commercial traveller I suppose, for he was arranging buttons, skeins of silk, buckles, and such in a flat leather case at a table in the smoking-room that morning. He hummed a tune merrily to himself the while, and sometimes burst absently into the words of a song, as he neatly folded men's braces. He got on his mackintosh, cried "Good morning," and out he went briskly. There was nothing for me to do but to look down from the window to an irregular quay, lumbered with old cables and corroded anchors, where a few seamen in oilskins stood smoking and sheltering under the lea of a pile of timber.

HE sat opposite to me in a chair by a praiseworthy fire that night, and told me an "awfully funny" story. He had supposed that in these days people "had dropped" being superstitious. They did not believe in ghosts. Anyhow, he did not. But in that very village that day he had come on some men who refused to work a ship because they declared there was always some one aboard her "who had never signed-on, don't you know"; an extra hand, I gathered, who was never seen, but was certainly there. She was an unlucky ship, and "had a bit of gibbet-post about her somewhere," as the men put it. He declared he had never heard such rot. They ought to be made to go. There was no silly nonsense like that about him, he said. He just had time to read the "Morning Moonshine," and there was no jolly old nonsense about that paper. Just straightforward facts, and there you are.

HE began reading it then. He read out to me the account of one of its reporters on some home event. I did not examine aloud to him my doubts concerning the printed evidence he certainly took without question. This bit of news interested him. He did not question it. And I have been, for my sins, one of those who have gathered such evidence on important occasions for the Press, and know that no two of us ever saw the same thing in the same way, or collected the same evidence about it. This man was one of those who readily accept any suggestion that is plausible to average experience. I wondered whether, had he not sold buttons and braces, but had been one of those ignorant sailors outside, how the suggestion of "the extra hand" would have taken his imagination when on watch on dark, still nights in deep waters. Then he began banging the paper. He was honestly angry. But not with the paper; he referred to "those bloody Germans." There was something righteous in his natural wrath which would have appealed to the religious natures of Mr. Chesterton and Mr. Belloc. Besides, I know the feeling myself. I have said the same thing often. I have earnestly desired the wholesale destruction of the enemy when we have come fresh upon the work of his hands; and afterwards, when he approached us under fire, as prisoners, as a miserable, pale boy with his teeth chattering, or a bearded elder in spectacles, sad, grave, and as indifferent to the shell-fire as if he no longer cared for his life, we have looked upon the enemy but as fellow-creatures under a like infliction. But I explained nothing of my changing moods in this war to my companion. I knew my evidence would be of slight value beside the impersonal and printed word. No; he did not believe in ghosts, but he read the printed word as though God were the linotype operator; he could not know of the stub of a pencil which had moved, perhaps over the back of an old envelope in a post office, impelled by

a witness who had not seen what he wrote about, had learned what he knew on the run, and, maybe, cared about it even less than he knew.

MY companion quieted down, without any help from me, and began to digress at large on the war, with the assurance of the plenary inspired. I listened to the popular philosophy of "An Englishman," with Belloc's figures woven strongly into it. I toiled long miles, as it were, over those well-known macadamized high roads of indurated thought along which, since 1914, we have learned to find our way blindfold, and every blessed signpost and landmark of which makes us groan as we sight it again—for these roads go nowhere, but are circuits. They always bring you back to the same place.

MY friendly companion was so far behind in the past that I felt I had not the strength at that hour of the night to go all the way back for him, to bring him along to show him what year we are in now. But they still brew their own beer in that tavern. We were men and brothers. Time and luck might do for him what was beyond me. At last I fled. In my bedroom, under a case of stuffed birds, was a pile of old books. One I knew, and pulled it out, put a candle behind my chair, and began to read it again. The book was "An Essay on Witchcraft." Its date is 1720. It had the smell of antiquity, but somehow its words were surprisingly fresh. What I read was an apologetic attempt to persuade hard-headed people, who were as sure of their evidence as many of us are to-day, that really they should not worry so much about witches as they did. It was just likely there was little in those witch stories. The author knew he was at a task which would make him suspect, if not disliked. He might be a pro-Witch. Therefore, he advanced his arguments tentatively. I forgot the wind and rain and the darkness without. How slow is the dawn on the darkness of the mind! My old author, anyhow, had a lucid mind, though he had to be careful how he flashed it about in 1720:—

"An old weather-beaten Crone, having her Chin and Knees meeting for Age, walking like a Bow leaning on a Staff. Hollow Ey'd, Untoothed, Furrowed on the Face, having her Lips trembling with the Palsy, going Mumbling on the Streets. One that hath forgotten her Pater Noster and hath a Shrewd tongue to call a Drab a Drab. . . . Why, then, beware my Neighbors. If any of you have a Sheep sick of the Giddies, or a Horse of the Staggers, or a Knavish Poy of the School, or an Idle Girl of the Wheel, or a Young Drab of the Sullens . . . and then, with an Old Mother Nobbs hath by Chance called her Idle Young Housewife, then no doubt but that Mother Nobbs is a Witch and the Young Girl is Owl Blasted."

IN 1720, there was no difficulty in recognizing a witch. The tests were simple. Only those who obstinately refused to admit the use for which intelligence is given us could fail to see there was no doubt about the existence of witches. And the logic of the tests for them is familiar. If in those days you doubted the character of an old woman, you tied her thumbs crosswise to her toes and threw her in a pond. If she sank and did not come up again she was innocent; but if she floated all right, then she was certainly guilty, and must be hanged. The book tells us of a famous witch-finder in those days, named Hopkins. He travelled the country curing communities of owl-blasting, and his charge for a small town was 20s. He was a busy man, for trouble even then was not uncommon, and where there is trouble there must be a reason for it. There was no popular Press in those days, but there were men like Hopkins, clever at explaining why people were plagued with the consequences of ignorance. They were just owl-blasted. There was a "familiar imp" about, and the thing to do was to trace the owner of the imp. You might suppose it was hard to see an imp. Not at all. It was as easy as seeing outside ourselves to detect the reasons for our own tribulations. For Hopkins, the familiar imp of the suspected might be a fly or a mouse. It was as simple as that. And the logic which followed was as natural and easy of understanding as one of Mr. Belloc's explanatory diagrams. At last it occurred to some critics to see what would happen to Hopkins under one of his own tests. They tied his thumbs cross-wise to his toes. They threw him into a pond. He sank! And now, if anyone still feels inclined to get heated over the causes of this war, let him speak up.

H. M. T.



**Messrs. CHAPMAN & HALL**

beg to draw special attention to a remarkable book which they have just published (5s. net), entitled

**THE QUESTIONS OF "IGNOTUS"**

It is an honest book, a penetrating book, going straight to the most crucial problems of the age. It is the work of a well-known literary man, who describes himself as a heretic, but is none the less devout, and has the courage to speak plainly about the failure of the Churches to meet the needs of modern humanity. Bishop Welldon (Dean of Manchester) and Father Power, S.J., reply in the volume to some of his arguments; but the general trend of his attack is unanswerable. This will be one of the most discussed books of the year.

*It is now ready everywhere.*

**NOW READY. EVERYWHERE.**

A Scholarly and Searching Study of the Question of the Hour.

**THE LIMITS OF PURE DEMOCRACY**

By W. H. Mallock,

Author of "The Reconstruction of Belief," "Social Reform," "Religion as a Credible Doctrine," &c.  
Demy 8vo. 15s. net.

AN ENGLISHMAN in the "Daily Mail," devoting a column of brilliant discussion to this book calls it "excellent... admirably lucid..." and shows how effectually Mr. Mallock explodes the claims of an arrogant democracy to provide a panacea for the troubles of the world.

The Best and Most-Praised Art Book of the Season

**THOMAS WOOLNER**

R.A., Sculptor and Poet.

HIS LIFE IN LETTERS.

By his daughter, AMY WOOLNER.

With 64 Illustrations and Portraits. Demy 8vo. 18s. net.

**CHAPMAN & HALL'S  
BRILLIANT NEW FICTION**

**COME IN**

By ETHEL COLBURN MAYNE, author of "One of Our Grandmothers," &c.

**THE HIGH HEART**

By BASIL KING, author of "The Side of the Angels," "The Way Home." Crown 8vo. 6s. net.

(Third Edition.)

**THE EYES OF A CHILD**

By EDWIN PUGH, author of "Punch and Judy," "Tony Drum," "The Quick and the Dead." Crown 8vo. 6s. net.

(Second Edition.)

**THE TRIUMPH OF JOHN KARS**

A Story of the Yukon. By RIDGWELL CULLUM, author of "The Night Riders," "The Way of the Strong," "The Purchase Price," &c. Crown 8vo. 6s. net.

**LOVE AND HATRED**

By Mrs. BELLOC-LOWNDES, author of "Good Old Anna," "The Chink in the Armour," "The Heart of Penelope," &c. Crown 8vo. 6s. net.

**OVER THE HILL**

By E. TEMPLE THURSTON, author of "The City of Beautiful Nonsense," "The Greatest Wish in the World," "Sally Bishop," &c. Crown 8vo. 6s. net.

(Third Edition.)

LONDON: CHAPMAN & HALL, Ltd.

**HEADLEY BROS.  
NEW BOOKS****THE AIMS OF LABOUR**

By the Rt. Hon. ARTHUR HENDERSON, M.P.

IN this book Mr. Henderson interprets the immediate aims of Labour concerning the war and the after reconstruction. He also sets forth the programme for the new Labor Party. It is issued at the popular price of 1s. net.

**THE STATE AND THE CHILD**

By W. CLARKE HALL.

Cloth cover, 3s. 6d. net

Paper boards, 2s. 6d. net

A NEW volume in the New Commonwealth Series. The Author is the well-known Magistrate of Old Street. He deals with the many problems that confront a magistrate in a Children's Court and seeks to increase public concern in the relation of the State towards the Child.

**WILDERNESS LOVE SONGS**

By MARY RALEIGH RICHARDSON.

A New Book of Poems by the author of "Symbol Songs."

Crown 8vo, 2s. 6d. net

**LIFE BEYOND THE VEIL**

By Rev. J. H. HOWARD.

Cloth boards

2s. 6d. net

MR. HOWARD'S book is both scholarly and eloquent, and will serve as a guide to the wisdom of the ages on the subject.

**THE TRACK OF THE STORM**

By MARGARET BRACKENBURY CROOK, B.A.

Designed cover

1s. 6d. net

WHEN the armies of the conquerors and conquered have passed, what happens to the devastated countryside and the ruined towns and villages? The Author of these sketches tells us some of the things that have really taken place since the Germans were ejected from the valleys of the Marne, the Aube and the Meuse. It is a story of self-sacrificing voluntary effort on the part of some English Quakers and their friends to build again the waste places.

Ready February 10.

**1920**

By "LUCIAN."

Paper boards

2s. net

WITH a free use of humour and satire "Lucian" invites us to view the Promised Land that the "Never Endians" would lead the world into after two more years of wandering in the wilderness of war.

**MASTERS AND MEN****A NEW CO-PARTNERSHIP**

By THOS. FOSTER, F.I.B.D.

THE Author of this pamphlet is the Treasurer of the National Association of Master House Painters of England and Wales. He writes as one convinced of the benefits to be derived by a system of co-partnership between employers and employed.

3d. each.

NEW AND REVISED EDITIONS.

**A LEAGUE OF NATIONS**

By HENRY NOEL BRAILSFORD.

Cloth boards, 5s. net

Paper cover, 2s. net

THE belief is everywhere growing that the League of Nations is the hope of the future. Linked up with disarmament, it may yet save the world. Mr. Brailsford's book is already known as the most masterly exposition of the theme.

**CO-OPERATION OR CHAOS?**

By MAURICE L. ROWNTREE.

Paper cover

6d. net

IF to the League of Nations we must look to save the world, it is to co-operation we must look for the foundations of a new Social Order at home. This little book develops the first principles of this idea.

HEADLEY BROS. PUBLISHERS, LTD.

KINGSWAY HOUSE, KINGSWAY, LONDON, W.C. 2

## Reviews.

BENJAMIN FRANKLIN.

"Benjamin Franklin Self-Revealed." By WILLIAM C. BRUCE.  
Two vols. (Putnam. 25s. net.)

WE cannot afford to be convinced by Mr. Bruce's two volumes that the best way of presenting a many-sided man is to present each side in a separate chapter. For, though it is a case of the general problem of "the one and the many," the central interest and value of a human personality so immeasurably transcends its several activities that the separatist treatment is least of all defensible. By departmentalizing it kills that living image, which is the chief quality of true biography. This would probably be abandoned by Mr. Bruce, who would plead that the great "Autobiography" itself, to say nothing of other "Lives" of Dr. Franklin, had already satisfied the first demand, but did not preclude the more orderly study furnished by these volumes. Whether this answer would suffice must be determined by each reader for himself. But there lies an inherent difficulty at the outset of a discussion which separates "Franklin's Moral Study and System" from his "Religious Beliefs," his "Personal Characteristics" from his "Business" life, his "Family Relations" from both, and gives separate chapters for his friendships in America, Britain, and France. Such separation is false alike to psychology and sociology, to the person and to the environment in which he expresses and unfolds himself. It necessarily involves a good deal of overlapping or repetition, and, what is worse, removes the standards of relevancy and importance which a strict adhesion to biography secures. These damages are distinctly seen in the chapters of this clear and informing work. There is an over-accumulation of laborious material, with what we are compelled to call the American cataloguing mania, illustrated, for example, in the swarms of names of quite uninteresting relatives and acquaintances of the great man.

But it is fair to admit that the nature and career of Franklin were so remarkable that they live and shine in spite of this literary dissection. Moreover, the industry and enthusiasm of the author have brought together a large mass of really interesting information, social and political, which helps to interpret the episode of the American Revolution and the founding of the great Union, and helps us to piece together again the great Franklin out of the sections into which he had been chopped. It may even be that the throwing of this task upon the reader is a new subtlety of the biographic art, furnishing a rich array of fact and impression, and inciting each reader to make his own Franklin out of them. Franklin, perhaps as well as any man of his century, will stand this test. For he is full of the ingenious surprises of the self-made man, bred in a community more self-made than can be found in the Old World. The picture Franklin himself so often presents of a healthy, vigorous, prolific society, of alert, thrifty, hard-working, adventurous, comfortable living families, the typical Colonial life of the eighteenth century, explains himself as far as any person can be explained. His rich composition of tastes, interests, and activities belonged to his country and his time. He was simply a particularly fine example of the "good business" man of his day, resourceful and adventurous in body and mind, with less respect for tradition or authority than the "good European," with a thought and language enriched by great versatility of work and the originality that comes from tackling early the concrete problems of life. Springing from a lower social level than most of the "Fathers," he had truer, because more informed, sympathy with popular causes, and, though by no means of a "revolutionary" temper, was of greater service in the revolutionary councils to which he was committed in his later years than most persons of more elevated rank, whose notions of liberty, equality, and fraternity were either sentimental rhetoric, or deeply qualified by class attachments. The blend of caution and boldness marked him alike as scientist, philosopher, statesman, diplomatist, and business man. It was also richly illustrated in his family and personal relations which, in some instances, strayed far from the canons of the proverbial novelist. Mr.

Bruce is properly shocked by some of the incidents and language which he has to record, and his method of reproof is itself of interest.

"It was undoubtedly a serious breach of the moral law to have begotten William Franklin out of lawful wedlock, and in the impartial affection which he publicly bestowed upon his illegitimate son and his legitimate daughter, we see another illustration of his insensibility to the finer inflections of human scruples."

Possibly such lapses were attributable to the mechanical plan which he early devised for "arriving at moral perfection" by classifying the virtues under thirteen heads and computing weekly the advance he made in each. But, fortunately, "Poor Richard" did not rule his life. For though always "a man of principle" he had the true sense of the moral and intellectual artist in dealing both with men and situations, and in making them advance, however indirectly, his deeper plan of human utility. He was certainly, if not one of the greatest geniuses, one of the most genuinely serviceable men of his century. Set from youth upon large affairs, he retired from business as early as he could, with a moderate competency, and thenceforth devoted himself to public work, sometimes with pay, never for pay—first, in the service of his city, Philadelphia, then in that of his colony, Pennsylvania; and in later years in the wider statecraft and diplomacy which the breach with Britain brought into play.

The long chapter upon "Franklin as a Statesman" is exceedingly well done. For though it will be difficult for English readers to follow the minutiae of Franklin's relations with the Lees, John Adams, and other hostile critics and backbiters in his Paris Mission, or with the finer incidents of the early dealings with the Proprietaries of his colony, the accumulative evidence of his wisdom, moderation, and ingenuity is nowhere so well displayed. Whereon his mind lit it fertilized the matter in hand, small or great as it might be. Just as in Philadelphia he set himself to the novel devices of a fire-station, a subscription library, an academy, with all their details duly thought out, so upon a higher level his proposals for the Albany Union of the Colonies, and the Imperial Federation scheme for reconciliation with the Mother Country, were only defective in being too reasonable for the passions of the time. One of his chief personal assets was his ease and vivacity in every sort of company. No American was ever more popular, first in London, afterwards in Paris. None was more deserving of popularity. For though, as the representative of his State he always placed his public duty first, his mind and his affections were sufficiently sensitive to his friendly environment to preserve him from excessive partizanship. It was, of course, this very moderation that his personal enemies seized as a weapon against him, especially in his dealings with the British Government. In these dealings undoubtedly Franklin made one great error of judgment. He failed entirely to recognize the persistently and actively injurious pressure exercised by the King upon his Ministers in mishandling American affairs. A good many English readers will be surprised to be reminded how strong and sincere was the attachment to the British Crown and the British Convention, not only of Franklin, but of most of the people of the Colonies, right up to the very brink of the severance that was forced upon them. With all the more reflective Americans, as with Franklin, the reconciliation of disputes with "Home" was facilitated by the reflection that America was destined by size and growth of population to play a part of ever-growing magnitude in the British system. Franklin puts this excellently in a letter to Lord Kennebec in 1760:—

"No one can more sincerely rejoice than I do on the reduction of Canada; and this is not merely as I am a colonist, but as I am a Briton. I have long been of opinion that the foundations of the future grandeur and stability of the British Empire lies in America; and though, like other foundations, they are low and little seen, they are, nevertheless, broad and strong enough to support the greatest political structure human wisdom ever yet created."

Modern Americans easily recommend themselves to the French. But it was not so in the eighteenth century, and Franklin, by his ready pleasantries and his love of society, won a quite exceptional esteem. Mr. Bruce quotes some



THE  
1/3 **ENGLISH REVIEW** 1/3  
net net

Edited by AUSTIN HARRISON

FEBRUARY 1918

Poetry

Muriel Stuart

Alexander Gray

Prof. Thomas F. Meagher

Elizabeth Macnamara

What is to be done with the Doctors? (iii)

Bernard Shaw

Morphine

Hugh Pollard

Shakespeare and Croce

Douglas Ainslie

Life

D. H. Lawrence

Francis Ledwidge

Katharine Tynan

Letters to Veronica

James L. Geraldine

Musical Notes

Edwin Evans

WAR AND RECONSTRUCTION

The Suarez Case

R. S. Garnett

Sir E. Carson Retires

Editor

Paying for the War

Frederick Temple

1918

Austin Harrison

Books

ANNUAL SUBSCRIPTION - - 15/-

HALF-YEARLY " - - 7/6

POST FREE TO ALL PARTS OF THE WORLD

At all Newsagents and Bookstalls, or direct from

THE ENGLISH REVIEW, 19, GARRICK ST., W.C. 2.

**MELROSE**  
3 DISTINCTIVE NOVELS

**My Two Kings**

An Extraordinary Romance of the  
Restoration and Whitehall Court

MRS. EVAN NEPEAN.

5s. net

*Westminster Gazette*.—"Mrs. Nepean's love for Charles II. is rewarded. One reads on, for the sheer pleasure of seeing him, vivid as she makes him in the visual imagination."

**Sins of the Mothers**

By MARIUS LYLE.

Author of "Unhappy in Thy Daring." 5s. net

The same ironical grouping of temperaments, the same wayward vagaries of passion, and the same futile ending of the human drama that made "Unhappy in Thy Daring" a distinguished novel, are again the features of a second book which is hardly less distinctive than the first.

**As We Are Made**

By ANNE WEAVER.

Author of "The Door That Was Shut," &c. 5s. net

LONDON: ANDREW MELROSE (Ltd.)

**Chelspa** per 1 1/2 - bott.

The Cheltenham Natural  
Aperient Water For Constipation  
Gout, Obesity. All Chemists & Stores

**DENT'S NEW BOOKS**

NOW READY

**NOSTROMO**

By JOSEPH CONRAD.

With a New and Lengthy Preface by the Author. 422pp. Cloth, Cr. 8vo. 5s. net.

Conrad's Longest Story of Adventure. Uniform with "The Shadow Line," "Lord Jim," "Youth," "Twixt Land and Sea," and "Within the Tides."

**A War-time Voyage**

By J. E. PATTERSON. Author of "Fighters of the Sea," &c. With Portrait of the Author. Cr. 8vo. Cloth, 6s. net.

A lively personal description of a voyage in a "tramp" across the Atlantic and back, through the various parts of the Mediterranean, and round about Gibraltar.

**Before the Wind**

A NOVEL. By JANET LAING. 340 pp. Cloth, Cr. 8vo. 6s. net.

A story of the present day, well and brightly told, full of young life and vigor, romance and reality, humor and tenderness, with a strong detective interest.

**The Staple Trades of the Empire**

(Imperial Studies Series). Cloth, Cr. 8vo. 2s. 6d. net.

Edited by Dr. A. P. NEWTON, containing papers by leading authorities on Sugar, Wheat, Metals, Wool, Cotton, Oils, and Fats.

Uniform with "The Old Empire and the New" and "The Exploitation of Plants."

**We of Italy**

By Mrs. K. R. STEEGE. Cr. 8vo. 4s. 6d. net.

This charming volume consists mainly of a selection of letters written by Italian soldiers to their loved ones at home, along with descriptions of scenes in the field, in which Italy's patriot King is a central figure.

**Italy at War**

By HERBERT VIVIAN. Demy 8vo. Cloth. Fully

Illustrated. 6s. net.

*The Times*.—"It draws a picture which is doubtless as faithful in essentials as it is entertaining in detail."

**The Story of Jerusalem**

By Col. Sir C. M. WATSON, K.C.M.G. C.B. Illustrated by Genevieve Watson.

Pocket size. Cloth 5s. 3d., Leather 6s. 5d.

A charmingly written account of the Holy City, from the earliest times to the present day.

Send for Everyman's and Wayfarer's Library List to  
55, ALDINE HOUSE, BEDFORD STREET, W.C. 2

**Don't Cash Your Victory Loan Dividend**

£2 10s. Dividend will double your holding of War Stock and produce £100 new money for the War.

Write for particulars to Prudential Assurance Co. Ltd., 142, Holborn Bars, E.C. 1, or to any of its Agents

**BIBLES AND**

**PRAYER BOOKS**

**For PRIZES, &c.**

The London Bible Warehouse,  
22, Paternoster Row, E.C. 4.

Have the Largest and best Selection in London. We specialise in Bibles, Prayer Books, Church Services, etc., for Clergy, Congregation, and the Children.

Please write, 'phone, or call. List sent post free

TELEPHONE: CENTRAL 230.

FREE RELIGIOUS MOVEMENT towards World-Religion and World-Brotherhood, Steinway Hall, Lower Seymour Street, off Portman Square, London, W. Service every Sunday at 11 a.m. Address by Rev. Walter Walsh, D.D.

**THE POLICE COURT MISSION**

is urgently in NEED of FUNDS.

Men and Women Missionaries in 420 Police Courts giving a fresh start to those who are down.

Please send a donation

to Rev. Gerald A. Thompson, 50, Marsham Street, S.W. 1.

accounts of his amazing vogue when Robespierre described him as "a man whose least merit is to be the most illustrious *savant* of the world," and when Franklin stoves with his portrait over them were a common feature of wealthy Paris homes. For it was the time and the place for the conjunction of philosophy with wit. Mr. Bruce's volumes do too much justice to Franklin's reputation as a wit and humorist, damaging him by that fatal defect of indiscriminate. It is permissible to make puns and practice small practical jokes. But to put them into cold print is not tolerable. The same criticism applies to the vivacious letters to various ladies reproduced here in bulk. But there is so much good and interesting matter in these volumes that we cannot leave them without a blessing.

### THE REAL WAR AFTER WAR.

"Democracy After the War." By J. A. HOBSON. (Allen & Unwin. 4s. 6d. net.)

THIS is a designedly accusing and prophetic book. Mr. Hobson, refusing all optimism, regards the war not as a definitely terminable event, but rather as a "great dramatic episode" in the career of "militarism." The red flower of war will die down, but its seeds will remain. Democracy must therefore be prepared to deal, not with a society restored, with the stoppage of open international violence to truly civic ideals and institutions, but to an organized assembly of hostile forces. Aggressive capitalism will be their mainspring; bureaucracy their instrument; Imperialism their creed and watchword; the "Closed State," exclusive, aggressive, and protective, operated by leagued wealth, their ideal; authoritarianism in Church, school, and University their moral buttress and sanction. These are the powers that, being left in possession when the war ends, will instinctively entrench themselves in the soul no less than in the body of the nation. Their moral root is in "the will to power, the lust of personal domination," which is the characteristic of the Empire-State. Uneared wealth being its real quest, the power thus engendered must be in the nature of an abuse. It subsists on the maintenance of inevitable contrasts between riches and poverty, leisure and toil, luxury and want. This contrast it must disguise. All will be under the control of class and bureaucracy, but forms of democracy, including a wide suffrage, must be provided, and some, too, of the effects of a better distribution of wealth, such as State assurance, minimum wages and shorter hours of labor, small holdings, a share in workshop management, cheap amusements, a show of "efficiency" in education. The religion of this State will be national paganism, and its real basis slavery. But it will aim at a "Prussian-Australian" standard of comfort. There will be some Socialism in it, qualified by immense aggregations of capital, but little freedom. It can never be safe; for it will maintain the system of armaments, and even its trade will be a kind of war. Between it and democracy the struggle for mastery is inevitable, and the world will go to the winner.

Mr. Hobson assumes the set towards the militarized State to be the result of a half-conscious conspiracy on the part of the forces that promote it. Some of them "mean" it more than others. The parson and the public schoolmaster mean it rather less than the financial magnate, the Liberal Imperialist than the avowed "Empire builder" and concession-hunter, the fighting soldier than the Parliament-hating bureaucrat. Patriotic sentiment is one form of *camouflage*, which conveniently ignores the incidental use of conscription in breaking strikes and keeping back the social revolution. Hatred of the foreigner, generalized as the Hun, will serve as another and will subsist long after the war is over. The sure protection afforded by a strong, self-centred nationalism will be pleaded as against the viewiness and quixotism of the international creed. Journalism, chained to capital through its dependence on the advertiser, is the natural pander of this power-State; conventional religion, in bondage always to a Church, sometimes to the State, generally to a creed, its favorite cloak of darkness. Always the struggle goes on with the lights turned down. The master-forces cross, double, and

coalesce. Capital, for example, is not always necessarily protective. The interest of the international dealer draws him rather in the direction of Free Trade. The sincere religious worker, again, may concern himself with palliatives of the capitalist system, or faintly opposed tendencies, such as Christian Socialism or co-operation. None the less the total result is "a poisonous interplay of parasitic organisms, feeding on the life of the peoples," and sapping their power of resistance. Military oligarchy\* links itself on to secret diplomacy; the pursuit of this policy involves conscription, and an enormous expenditure, that again impoverishes the rescuing forces of knowledge and social reform, on which the overthrow of the militarized State depends. So democracy finds itself caught in a vicious circle. If it is to win, it must grow up and become intellectually strong. And this, if they can help it, the possessing classes will never allow.

This is Mr. Hobson's relentlessly pressed analysis of the modern State, emerging from war into its normal life. We doubt whether, on the whole, its accuracy can be disputed. But we think that he exaggerates the direct purposiveness of some of the anti-democratic forces and underestimates the power of the democratic answer to them. The future of society does not depend merely on the play of the material forces which Mr. Hobson sets out in order of battle; a new moral world is in formation, and fresh creations of the soul and intelligence of man are arising to people it. The war has led to an immense ferment of the human mind. It has created wants that were hardly felt before. It has formed and hardened thousands of immature characters, and utterly disillusioned them about the State, politicians, religion, the existing social system. It has dispossessed the old classes; and brought in a host of ill-equipped claimants and self-confident but ignorant usurpers. The resulting Government is a gimcrack affair that cannot last. But the people are upstanding. They are the armies. They are the war industries. And they are in danger, as they emerge from the strife, of being crucified between the war-makers and the war-financiers. Labor will find itself under bond to capital. What will it do? We agree with Mr. Hobson that it must avoid two dangers. Democracy must unite its forces. The reform movement must clear itself of its inveterate separatism, and issue in a general movement on the central position, a concerted attempt to change the Capitalist State into the Democratic State. And it cannot afford to side-track its energies on an exclusively economic effort, such as the attempt to create an Economic State, industry by industry, letting the Political State take care of itself. Guild Socialism is a useful crystallization of local forces in industrialism. But it may easily be fired down into a mere revision of the code of workshop management. That is a useful end; but to-day the battle is for the world's freedom.

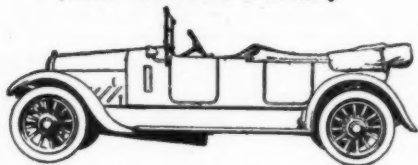
\* Mr. Hobson illustrates the "circle of reaction" by the following diagram (p. 151):—





# Austin

The AUSTIN "twenty"



the essentially "British" Touring Car as here typified, will be available for strict rotation delivery after the War.

*The results of the experience gained during the last three years will find their outlet in this excellent example of modern Motor Car construction.*

Prompt delivery may be ensured by the immediate inclusion of your name in our Priority List. Write to-day to:—

**THE AUSTIN MOTOR CO. LD.**

*Head Office and Works:*

**NORTHFIELD . . . . BIRMINGHAM**

*Branches at:—*

**London - Manchester - Norwich - Paris**



*This Star, the badge of members of the present expedition, was first used by the Society of Friends' Relief Expedition during the Franco-Prussian War, 1870-1871.*

## FAMINE

Following repeated warnings, telegraphic news has just come to hand that "SERIOUS FAMINE HAS STARTED" in Samara, a Russian Province as large as Belgium, where one in four of the population are refugees from the districts now in German hands.

**100,000 People,  
mostly Children and Women,  
are starving!**

**£30,000 is needed IMMEDIATELY**

to enable our Unit, the only British Civilian Unit left in Russia, to obtain and distribute supplies. Our workers, who have dwelt among the refugees for the last 18 months giving medical and general relief, can administer food without additional expense. They have the trust of the people, who look to them for help.

**WE NEED YOUR HELP**

**to feed these victims of WAR and REVOLUTION.**

Please send your contributions without delay to A. RUTH FRY (Hon. Sec.), Friends War Victims' Relief Committee, F.W.V.R.F., 104, ETHELBURGA HOUSE, 91, BISHOPSGATE, LONDON, E.C. 2  
*Cheques should be crossed "Barclay's Bank (Ltd.)."*



**"PERFECTOS Nº 2"**

**VIRGINIA CIGARETTES**

(HAND MADE)

High-Class Cigarettes of superb delicacy, the result of a matchless blend of the finest Virginia Tobacco.

**10 for 8½d.    20 for 1/5  
50 for 3/5    100 for 6/4**

"PERFECTOS FINOS" are larger Cigarettes of the same quality.

These Cigarettes are also supplied at DUTY FREE RATES for the purpose of gratuitous distribution to wounded Soldiers and Sailors in Hospital. Terms on application to

**JOHN PLAYER & SONS, NOTTINGHAM**

PS34 Issued by The Imperial Tobacco Co. (of Great Britain & Ireland), Ltd.

*Just a . . .  
little thought*

and you could save yourself unnecessary trouble in your daily work by using a "Swan" Fountain-pen. "Swan" users seldom mislay their pens. The habit of always having them to hand comes naturally. The moment they are taken up they are ready to write. The nib is always the same—the one you write best with. You can choose a "Swan" just suited to your handwriting, and it will last a lifetime.



At  
Pre-War  
Prices  
from  
**10/6**

**"SWAN"**  
**FOUNTAINS**

OF ALL STATIONERS AND JEWELLERS.

MABIE, TODD & Co., Ltd., London, Manchester, Paris, Zurich, Sydney, Toronto, &c. Associate House, New York and Chicago.

*Illustrated Catalogue post free on request*

## THE MUSE AT HOME.

"Tristan and Iseult." By ARTHUR SYMONS. (Heinemann. 5s. net.)

"Wheels, 1917: A Second Cycle. An Anthology." (Blackwell. 2s. 6d. net.)

"Tides." By JOHN DRINKWATER. (Sidgwick & Jackson. 2s. 6d. net.)

"Poems." By E. MARGERY MACKENZIE. (Humphreys. 1s. net.)

It is not as if we had a prejudice against heroic drama—perhaps the most satisfying form of literature that exists. It is only that it fits so ill with our age. One has to be careful not to raise the whirlwind by such a declaration. Did Blake fit in well with the age of Ossian and Horace Walpole? That incongruity does not make us scout his true intercourse with angels. Blake, too, hunted out his models from a remoter past than the couplet of Pope; so does the poetic drama. And surely the personal genius of the artist can choose what medium he pleases and remain without loss—more, with positive gain—aloof and independent from the contemporary bias of art? That, of course, is so true that it usually escapes notice; it is beyond truism. But we must not forget that the poetic drama is not a generic, but a special form of artistic expression. With the Elizabethans, it united a particular with a national appeal, and grew both great and common. That condition has never been repeated; only in occasional outcrops, where the individual inspiration of the poet—as, for instance, Shelley's in the "Cenci"—has blown the embers into flame, has it survived. An experimental school in our own days has attempted to revive it. It has been a failure. The attempt to graft it upon realism has fared no better. For good or ill, and it is the fault of the age rather than of the artist, the old cabala has been lost, the historical spirit has usurped the poetical, and the spirit of exercise that of the fresh original.

Something of this feeling has spelt fatality to Mr. Symons' "Tristan and Iseult." The curious thing is that this impression implies no sort of reproach to Mr. Symons. For what could be done with the form, substance, and idiom of his play he has done. His blank verse, if a trifle monotonously cadenced, is of singular purity and dignity; his language as stately and well proportioned. The play has a beautiful repose in its harmony of construction and austerity of line. It abounds in passages of eloquent imagery:—

"I have read as well  
How earth was crumbled up for Helen's sake  
And cast like crumbs to birds."

And:—

"What do you hear?  
What can you hear but the old feeble feet  
Of a grey king?"

And:—

"Not so  
I shall lay by my glory with my soul,  
And when my body, that feasted and lay warm,  
Is sown into a clout, then shall my hall  
Be made with a spade and my bower builded soon:  
Worms shall come in to be my guests in the dark."

Only its life is that of marble rather than of flesh and blood. So are the statuesque dramas, you may say, of Mr. Sturge Moore. Yes; but his are not poetic dramas in the legitimate sense. You might call them masques, interpenetrated with a magical psychology, which reveal not merely the past, but its continuity with the present. The repose of "Tristan and Iseult" is too suspiciously still.

This is a second instalment of the anthology, "Wheels," which, in its first launching, set the town by the ears, not without the connivance of the authors. The nine original singers, harpies like nightingales and nightingales like harpies, who sat balefully chirping upon the walls of old Babylon, have now become ten, and a few of the original names, partly through death, have been replaced. "Conceived in morbid eccentricity and executed in fierce factitious gloom," said a reviewer of the first publication, and the authors no doubt placed their tongues in their cheeks in unison. Personally, we are charmed by these ingenious and fertile able young writers. When Mr. Osbert Sitwell writes of innocent domiciles that he sees them "spitting out treacheries with vampire lips"; when Miss Iris Tree apostrophizes "O vulgarity, mediocrity, stupidity:—

"What is it in you that makes us lavish our love,  
Covering your meagre bodies  
With our passionate mantle, dyed with blood and dreams?"

And so on; when Miss Edith Sitwell is impressed by the rain, as we cannot say we have been:—

"With spectacles that flash,  
Striped foolscap hung with gold  
And silver bells that clash  
Bright rhetoric and cold—  
In owl-dark garments, goes the Rain,  
Dull pedagogue again"

—these literary skirmishes and fanfaronades are genuinely refreshing in an age which has lost the fine art of chasing its own tail. "Grandiose and sinister visions," indeed, as another reviewer put it, we fail to see—or, rather, we enjoy equally with the actors the masquerade of them. Literary pantomimes, if they are done with dexterity and taste, are a happy release for the "constant reader" of verse rather jaded with having a cowslip or a cosmos solemnly wagged at him. And these writers have qualities in varying degrees which are possibly worth devoting one day to poetic seriousness. We are glad to see Mr. Aldous Huxley among them. If he will go his own way, he is still an original by instinct fortified by training:—

"Oh, these distressing heavy lunches . . . !  
They tend to ecstasy—ecstasy reversed  
When from soul the body stands  
Triumphantly apart.  
Oh, Afternoons, Afternoons . . . !  
Snug rectories where no foot crunches  
The sleek gravel except the pad-paws of baboons!  
Black and hairy curates dressed  
In ecclesiastical frock-coats  
And dog-collars.  
Oh, Afternoons, Afternoons . . . !  
I must take to eating bread and jam again."

Mr. Drinkwater's poems do indeed lack profound feeling and intellectual force, and they are apt to show their workings rather too clearly. They never strike the reader as being first-hand. But somewhat jejune as they are they show a certain appreciation for country sights and sounds:—

"Morning and night I bring  
Clear water from the spring,  
And through the lyric moon  
I hear the larks in tune,  
And when the shadows fall  
There's providence for all."

Miss Margery Mackenzie might very well escape notice in the huge crowds of poets which batter at the newspaper offices. Her poetic quality is not indeed in any way remarkable. But it has a passionate sincerity, coupled with an entire lack of pretentiousness which ought to have its due. We quote her best poem:—

"If you die first,  
Stretch out your arms to me and smile,  
So I shall come to you, for all Eternity,  
And that will seem with you  
Too short a while."

## BLACK PEARLS.

"The Historical Nights' Entertainment." By RAPHAEL SABATINI. (Secker. 6s. net.)

HISTORY, we are tempted to think, is an uncertain stylist. Now a romance seems inspired by high imagination and carried out in the grand manner, now events and character appear to spring from the hectic fancy of the popular sensational novelist. Who can think of the life of Parnell or Casement without feeling that here lies dramatic tragedy worthy of Meredith or Browning; or read the trial of Lieutenant Malcolm unmindful of the palpitating atmosphere of Miss Ethel M. Dell? Is not the affair of Cardinal Rohan's Diamond Necklace pure Dumas, and the story of Giovanni of Naples and Andreas of Hungary, with its neat and mechanical poetic justice, a typical cloak-and-sword romance of the Stanley Weyman school?

Some such reflections visit us as we read "The Historical Nights' Entertainment," by Mr. Raphael Sabatini. Here are thirteen black pearls from history's treasure box. All are black, but not all of equal æsthetic value; and if the thread that binds them together is historical fact, here and there weak places are riveted by Mr. Sabatini's ingenious invention. The finest and most lustrous, however, is one for which history can claim an uncontested credit. This is the "Relacioun" of Antonio Perez (sometime secretary to Philip IV. of Spain), entitled "The Night of Betrayal." The long



# THE UNION OF LONDON & SMITHS BANK,

LIMITED.  
(ESTABLISHED 1830.)

Authorised Capital £25,000,000 | Paid-up Capital £3,554,785 10s.  
Subscribed Capital £22,934,100 | Reserve Fund ... £1,150,000 0s.

Number of Proprietors—upwards of 10,500.

## DIRECTORS.

Sir FELIX SCHUSTER, Bart., Governor.

LINDSAY ERIC SMITH, Esq., Deputy-Governor.

MAJOR E. W. BARNARD.  
ALFRED F. BUXTON, Esq.  
CHARLES C. CAVE, Esq.  
JOHN ALAN CLUTTON-BROCK, Esq.  
JOHN DENNISTOUN, Esq.  
HORACE GEORGE DEVAS, Esq.  
BRIG.-GENL. H. W. DRUMMOND,  
C.M.G.

CAPT. A. B. LESLIE-MELVILLE.  
JOHN MEWS, Esq.  
ROBERT FENTON MILES, Esq.  
KENNETH L. C. PRESCOTT, Esq.  
LT.-COL. BERTRAM ABEL SMITH,  
M.C.  
EUSTACE ABEL SMITH, Esq.  
MAJOR GERALD DUDLEY SMITH.

COL. HERBERT FRANCIS SMITH.  
RIGHT HON. LORD SOUTHBOROUGH,  
P.C., G.C.B., G.C.M.G., G.C.V.O.  
RT. HON. LORD STUART OF  
WORTLEY, P.C.  
LT.-COL. A. M. H. WALROND.  
RIGHT HON. SIR ALGERNON WEST,  
G.C.B.  
CHARLES H. R. WOLLASTON, Esq.

PRINCIPAL OFFICE—2, PRINCES STREET, E.C. 2.

## GENERAL MANAGERS.

H. H. HART (Town and Foreign).

L. E. THOMAS (Country).

F. W. ELLIS, Manager (Town).

H. G. HOLDERNESS, Deputy Assistant Manager.

H. R. HOARE, Secretary.

Lt. L. J. CORNISH, Assistant Secretary.

TRUSTEE DEPARTMENT, 2, Princes Street, E.C. 2. W. H. SIDEBOTHAM, Manager.

LOMBARD STREET OFFICE:—(SMITH, PAYNE, and SMITHS), 1, Lombard Street, E.C. 3.

CORNHILL OFFICE:—(PRESCOTT'S BANK, LIMITED), 50, Cornhill, E.C. 3.

## TERMS.

Current Accounts.—These are kept according to the usual custom of London and County Bankers.  
Deposit Accounts.—Deposits are received at Interest, subject to notice of withdrawal, or by special agreement, in accordance with the usual custom.

## GENERAL BUSINESS.

The Agency of Country and Foreign Banks, whether Joint Stock or Private. Circular Notes and Letters of Credit issued. Purchases and Sales effected in all British and Foreign Stocks and Securities. Dividends on Stocks and Shares, the half-pay of Officers, Pensions, Annuities, &c., received for Customers without charge.

The Officers and Clerks connected with the Bank are required to sign a Declaration of Secrecy as to the transactions of any of its Customers.

## EXECUTORSHIPS AND TRUSTEESHIPS.

The Bank undertakes the Office of Executors, Trustees and Custodian Trustees, and also acts as Trustees for Debenture Issues, on terms, particulars of which can be obtained on application to the Trustee Department, or any other Office of the Bank.

How to Secure the Power of Government for  
the People. Read

## "The LAND or REVOLUTION"

By R. L. OUTHWAITE, M.P.

A ruthless investigation of the problems of to-day  
and a simple, practical exposition of the policy  
of the taxation of land values as the only salvation  
for the nation.

"When wages represent value created, and when  
monopoly value is taken by taxation, and privilege  
abolished, spurious capital will cease to exist, and that  
is the object the Land-Taxer seeks to achieve."  
"Land taxation can be imposed without checking the  
production of wealth, as would be the case if real capital  
appearing as factories, machines, and other labour-  
products were levied upon."

No reformer, no student of social and economic  
problems can afford to be without this book—the  
battleground of liberty, the text-book to The Golden  
Age of Freedom.

MESSRS. GEORGE ALLEN & UNWIN, 40, Museum  
St., London, W.C. 1. Price 1/- Post free 1/2.

# QUALITY

Quality is the dominant feature of  
everything sold by Boots The Chemists,  
for they fully realise that only the  
BEST will ensure absolute satisfaction

*Boots*  
Chemists

555 Branches throughout the Country  
BOOTS PURE DRUG CO. LTD.

## THE MEN REPATRIATED FROM GERMANY IN JANUARY SAID:-

*"We should never have lived  
through it but for the food parcels  
from home. It is the people in  
England who have kept us alive."*

Think what this means—lives saved and brave  
men who would have otherwise died were  
able to return to their homes and enjoy the  
welcome of their friends.

Will you help to make bearable  
the existence of those who still  
remain Prisoners in the hands of  
an unscrupulous foe?

Kindly send a donation to the Founder,  
Rev. HUGH B. CHAPMAN, 7, Savoy Hill, London, W.C. 2

## The ROYAL SAVOY ASSOCIATION for the RELIEF OF BRITISH PRISONERS OF WAR

President: The Countess of Plymouth.

Vice-President: Lady Phyllis Windsor Clive

Chairman: D. N. Shaw, Esq.



Registered under the War Charities Act.

Authorised by the Central Prisoners of War Committee

reach of Philip's oblique and subterranean vengeance, the trump card that Perez kept concealed for ten years till torture forced it from his hand, the struggle for his person between the Grand Court of the Justiciary and the Holy Office of the Inquisition, and the ultimate rescue of Perez by a rising of the outraged Aragonese, all form a romance of craft, intrigue, and high adventure which not Calderon nor Cervantes could improve. In contrast to this is the case of the Lady Alice Lisle, an English story of seventeenth century justice, which reads like a return of Galsworthy to his earlier manner. For the crime of harboring two rebels, supposed by their hostess to be Nonconformist priests, a venerable lady of blameless life was tried for high treason, and sentenced by Judge Jeffreys to be burned to death. Mr. Sabatini lacks the detached irony of the author of "The Silver Box," but the story as it stands is quite bad enough to be convincing. The Massacre of St. Bartholomew has been treated by other experts, as well as recently exhibited by the movies, and we are not sure that Mr. Sabatini's "The Night of Massacre" rises above the general level of "Intolerance."

Infinitely more dramatic is "The Night of Terror," a story of the *noyades* of Nantes. Blacker than Heart of Darkness stands Citizen-representative Carrier, equal in cruelty only to Conrad's infamous Mr. Kurtz. Had Marlow been a member of the Revolutionary Tribunal how thrillingly would his narrative, interwoven with those of other detached observers, have unwound itself over the incredible adventures of the *Cocassier* Leroy! For Leroy is a character that Mr. Conrad would have prized. An egg merchant of inconspicuous merit, arrested for horse stealing before the rise of Carrier, Leroy was sent to prison at Le Bouffay, and there for two years forgotten. Without warning one winter night his prison door is opened, and a black-moustached *sans-culotte*, called Jolly, ties him up by the wrists and leads him out. In the yard all the other inhabitants of the prison, some 150, including the sick, are herded together in a gang. Where are they going? Shipped over to Belle-Isle, is the answer, to work on a fort. But on the black waters of the Loire, where they are driven, floats a lighter, in which workmen are rapidly opening enormous ports. Realizing their fate the prisoners rave and scream for mercy, but the whole mass are flung pell-mell into the bottom of their floating grave. Only Leroy, rat-like, gnaws his wrists free of the rope, and, clinging to a cross-beam, hangs suspended for four hours, floating on corpses, till a passing boat picks him up at dawn. One such escape from death would suffice an ordinary man; but Leroy is a character created for the best fiction. Rescued and revived he tells his rescuers a story of a shipwrecked mariner, which is unluckily a little too good to be true. Doubts, it is felt, will easily be reassured by the judgment of the Revolutionary Tribunal. So before this excellent body, which, knowing nothing of seacraft, inclines to be sympathetic, Leroy is brought. But who is the black-moustached representative, fixing on the *Cocassier* an astounded eye?

"He was of last night's bathing party," cries Jolly, "and he has the impudence to come before us like this! Take him away and shove him back into the water!" And so Leroy would have been, had not the Revolutionary Tribunal exercised its fitful sense of humor: it would be better fun, thinks the President, to send him back to Le Bouffay.

"So back to Le Bouffay went Leroy, back to his dungeon, his fetid straw and his bread and water, there to be forgotten again, as he had been forgotten before, until Fate should need him."

Fate did; but in how dramatic a manner, with what wild but full-circling justice we will leave the reader to find out for himself.

Excellent and spirited is "The Night of Escape," where a Kropotkin-like sortie from prison is carried out with extraordinary luck and cunning. In "The Night of Gems" Mr. Sabatini retells the astonishing affair of the Diamond Necklace; but we must confess that we prefer the version of Carlyle. In a story so inherently fantastic any exaggeration can only vulgarize. Details are significant. How much more vivid, for instance, is that countenance of *Mdlle. de la Motte*, "not beautiful, but of 'a certain piquancy'" shown us by Carlyle, than the face of "remarkable beauty" falsely bestowed on her by Mr. Sabatini? A further complaint against Mr. Sabatini is his undue leaning towards dialogue of the Pishery and Tushery style. Historical conversation

must, of course, preserve its conventions; but even in 1579 must men of the world invariably talk like this?—

"Pish!" said he, "I am no rabbit for your skewering. If it comes to skewers I am a useful man of my hand, Antonio. . . . Groom and lackey, eh? Oh, ho! Groom and lackey! These are epithets to be washed out in blood and tears, &c.,'"

But, when all is said, "The Historical Nights' Entertainment" does really entertain.

## The Week in the City.

RAIDS and fogs have helped to depress markets which needed no extraneous adjustments for melancholy. Apparently, however—so we are assured by those who should know—the City magnates are more alarmed by the manifestations of working-class discontent at home than by any of these minor discomforts. If there must be Bolshevism, they would like to have it in Germany, and they would far rather have it in Russia than in Great Britain. Sir Edward Holden's excellent review of the financial and banking positions in Great Britain, Germany, and America may create a feeling of comparative optimism, but only on the assumption that the war is nearly at an end. The news of the strikes in Germany, following on those in Austria, is, however, encouraging, and Stock Exchange feeling improved in the middle of the week. The Bank reports are satisfactory. It looks as if the criticism of the Bank of England, to which Sir E. Holden has given favorable expression, may end in a strong demand for inquiry, and, possibly, for legislation, though we must beware of copying Germany.

### BANK PROFITS AND SPEECHES.

The reports of all the chief Joint Stock Banks are now to hand and make a very good showing of profits. Six of the great banks, Barclay's, Lancashire and Yorkshire, London County and Westminster, Manchester and County, Parr's, and Union of Manchester have raised their dividend rates. Of the leading Discount Companies, two—Alexander's and the National Discount Company—follow suit. Taking the twenty-two leading banks we find that investment depreciation claims £3,000,000 out of profits against £4,500,000 a year ago, but many of the companies make larger reserve allowances for "contingencies," while practically all increase the carry forward. The increase in this latter item is particularly prominent in the accounts of the City and Midland, Capital and Counties, Union of London and Smith's, and Parr's. In the matter of current accounts and deposits the City and Midland towers above all competitors with a total of £220,000,000, against £174,000,000 a year ago, coming second with £174,000,000, the County and Westminster following with £142,000,000, Barclay's with £129,000,000, and the National Provincial with £112,000,000. Chairmen's speeches at Bank meetings have been read with more than usual interest this year, and the topic of the week in the City has been the masterly review by Sir Edward Holden of the war finance of the various belligerents. As regards Great Britain, the striking point in his speech is the advocacy of the repeal of the Bank Act of 1844.

### THE GAS LIGHT AND COKE COMPANY.

The Gas Light and Coke Company have abandoned the system of half-yearly reports, and the first annual report to appear, covering the year 1917, discloses gross revenue nearly £1,000,000 higher than in the previous year. However, rather more than this sum was swallowed up by increased expenses, leaving net revenue a trifle lower at £1,029,180. After paying charges for interest and sinking fund (£520,880), there remains a divisible balance of £508,300. A distribution of dividend at the rate of £3 14s. 8d. per cent. absorbs £608,765, and the carry forward is lowered by £100,465. This rate of dividend, incidentally, is the lowest paid for nineteen years. Of the increased revenue about £400,000 is obtained from residual products, the great demand for which will, it is confidently hoped, be still further developed after the war. As long as the war lasts, however, it is difficult to foresee any check in the advance in working expenses. The Ordinary Stock, which just before the war stood at 103, is now quoted at 71, yielding, on the basis of the latest dividend, about £5 5s. 3d. per cent.

LUCCELLUM.



